217

"Cantate Domino;"

A HYMNAL AND CHANTS

For Public Worship.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY

REV. JOHN BLACK, M.A.

(Missionary to the S.P.G.)

Rector of King's Clear, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

REVISED BY

GEO. W. STRATHY, MUS. DOC.,

Professor of Music in the University of Trinity College, Toronto.

PUBLISHED BY

COPP, CLARK, AND CO.,

TORONTO.

1874.

BV370
B56

2100

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1874, by *Jane Billopp Mauger*, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa.

PREFACE.

The late Rev. John Black died in December, 1871, leaving a number of manuscript compositions in Sacred Music; from which collection this volume has been compiled, and in behalf of his widow and children is now offered to the public by his eldest daughter (Mrs. Mauger), with a sincere trust that the book may be deemed a pleasing addition to *Choirs*, and that in *family circles* it may meet with a merited appreciation.

J. B. M.

As these Hymn Tunes and Chants are original compositions, it is requested that none shall be republished without the permission of the Editor.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

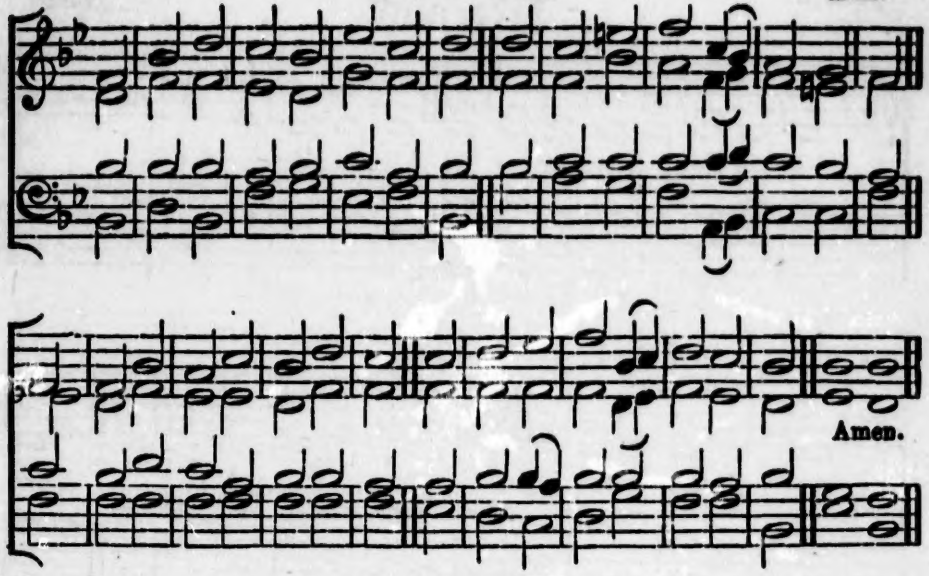
First Line.	Measure.	Name of Tune.	Hymn.
All hail! adored Trinity	L.M.	Eldon	38
Almighty Father, robed with light	L.M.	Cortlandt	43
As through this wilderness I stray	L.M.	St. Andrews	23
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	L.M.	Guelph	3
Awake our souls, away our fears	L.M.	Norfolk	39
Bright was the guiding star that led	C.M.	Arlington	18
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	11.10.11.10.	Montreal	17
Children of the Heavenly King	7's	Podmore	44
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	10.10.10.10.10.10.	Ephrata	14
Christ, the Lord, is risen again	7's	Kingston	30
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day	7's (8 lines)	Saumarez	29
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come	C.M.	Veni Creator	36
Come, Holy Spirit, come	S.M.	Elton	35
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	76.76.76.76.	New Brunswick	27
Come, ye thankful people, come	D. 7's	Gleanville	69
Far above yon glorious ceiling	8's and 7's	Maugerville	33
Far from my heavenly home	S.M.	Forrester Hill	62
From highest heaven the Eternal Son	888.888 D.	Fairfield	54
Give to our God immortal praise	L.M.	Amherst	19
Glorious things of Thee are spoken	D. 8's and 7's	Summerside	61
God of my life, thro' all my days	L.M.	Belmont	40
God of our life, to Thee we call	L.M.	Pomfret	22
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	7.7.7.5.	Sunset	37
Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah	8's, 7's, and 4's	Albyn	45
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding	8.7.	Aberdeen	11
Hark! the herald angels sing	D. 7's	Torryburn	15
He comes, He comes, the Judge severe	L.M.	Westmoreland	10
He is risen! He is risen!	87.87.77.	Sackville	28
Holiest, breathe an evening blessing	D. 7's	Niagara	7
Holy Jesu, Saviour blest	7's	Richdale	20
How beauteous are their feet	S.M.	Woodstock	63
How bless'd are they whose hearts are pure	C.M.	Winsleydale	65

First Line.	Measure.	Name of Tune.	Hymn.
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	C.M.	St. Augustine	47
Jerusalem on high!	66.66.44.44	De Belin	53
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All	88.88.88.	Newfoundland	58
Jesu, the very thought is sweet	L.M.	Effingham	16
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	L.M.	Burlington	46
Lo! He comes in clouds descending	87.87.87.	Toronto	12
Lord of the worlds above	66.66.44.44	Queensbury	55
Mine eyes, and my desire	S.M.	Kensington	21
My God, and is Thy table spread	L.M.	Redemption	67
My God, how endless is Thy love	L.M.	Apsley	2
My soul, repeat His praise	S.M.	Meldrum	59
Nearer, my God, to Thee	P.M.	Acadia	48
Now that the daylight dies away	C.M.	Kingswood	6
O, all ye people, clap your hands	L.M.	Fredericton	32
O Christ, who hast prepared a place	L.M.	Dorchester	57
O day of rest and gladness	76.76.76.76	Canada	49
O God, our help in ages past	C.M.	Welsford	51
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see	L.M.	Sterling	64
O, timely happy, timely wise	L.M.	Spring Hill	1
O, where shall rest be found?	S.M.	Resthaven	42
Put thou thy trust in God	S.M.	Morley	56
Rock of ages, cleft for me	7's (6 lines)	Torquay	25
Since every trial marks the road	L.M.	Bentley	60
Soldiers of Christ, arise	S.M.	Kingsclear	66
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	L.M.	Gagetown	34
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	L.M.	South Hill	8
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	8's (6 lines)	Elmcroft	9
The happy morn is come	H.M.	Triumph	26
The Lord, the Sovereign King	S.M.	Packington	52
The Rock is cleft! with faith draw near	C.M.	Eucharist	68
Thou art gone up on high!	D.S.M.	Olivet	31
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee	12's and 11's	Heber	70
Through the day Thy love hath spared us	87.87.77.	Hamilton	5
Try us, O God, and search the ground	C.M.	Lavington	24
We wake, we wake, ye heavenly choir	L.M.	Keswick	4
When shades of night around us close	L.M.	Halifax	13
Who are these like stars appearing?	87.87.77.	Acton Scott	41
Ye saints and servants of the Lord	888.888. (D.)	Fern Hill	50

INDEX OF TUNES.

Tunes.	Measure.	No. of Hymn.
Aberdeen	8.7	11
Acadia	P.M.	48
Acton Scott	87.87.77	41
Albyn	8's, 7's, and 4's	45
Amherst	L.M.	19
Apsley	L.M.	2
Arlington	C.M.	18
Belmont	L.M.	40
Bentley	L.M.	60
Burlington	L.M.	46
Canada	76.76.76.76.	49
Cortlandt	L.M.	43
De Belin	66.66.44.44	53
Dorchester	L.M.	57
Effingham	L.M.	16
Eldon	L.M.	38
Elmcroft	8's (6 lines)	9
Elton	S.M.	35
Euphrata	66.66.66	14
Eucharist	C.M.	68
Fairfield	888.888	54
Fern Hill	888.888. (D)	50
Forrester Hill	S.M.	62
Fredericton	L.M.	32
Gagetown	L.M.	34
Gleanville	D. 7's	69
Guelph	L.M.	3
Halifax	L.M.	13
Hamilton	8's, 7's and 7's	5
Heber	12's and 11's	70
Kensington	S.M.	21
Keswick	L.M.	4
King's Clear	S.M.	66
Kingston	7's	30
Kingswood	C.M.	6
Lavington	C.M.	24
Maugerville	8's and 7's	33
Meldrum	S.M.	59
Montreal	10's and 11's	17
Morley	S.M.	36
New Brunswick	76.76.76.76	27
Newfoundland	88.88.88 88	58
Niagara	D. 7's	7
Norfolk	L.M.	39
Olivet	D.S.M.	31
Packington	S.M.	32
Podmore	7's	44
Pomfret	L.M.	22
Queensbury	H.M.	55
Redemption	L.M.	67
Resthaven	S.M.	42
Richdale	7's	20
Sackville	87.87.77.	28
Saumarez	7's, (8 lines)	29
South Hill	L.M.	8
St. Andrew's	L.M.	23
St. Augustine	C.M.	47
Spring Hill	L.M.	1
Sterling	L.M.	64
Summerside	D. 8's and 7's	61
Sunset	7.7.7.5	37
Toronto	87.87.87	12
Torryburn	D. 7's	15
Torquay	7's (6 lines)	25
Triumph	H.M.	26
Veni Creator	C.M.	36
Welsford	C.M.	51
Westmoreland	L.M.	10
Winsleydale	C.M.	65
Woodstock	S.M.	63

Hymn 1. **Morning.** SPRINGHILL. L.M.



O TIMELY happy, timely wise!
Hearts that with rising morn arise;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

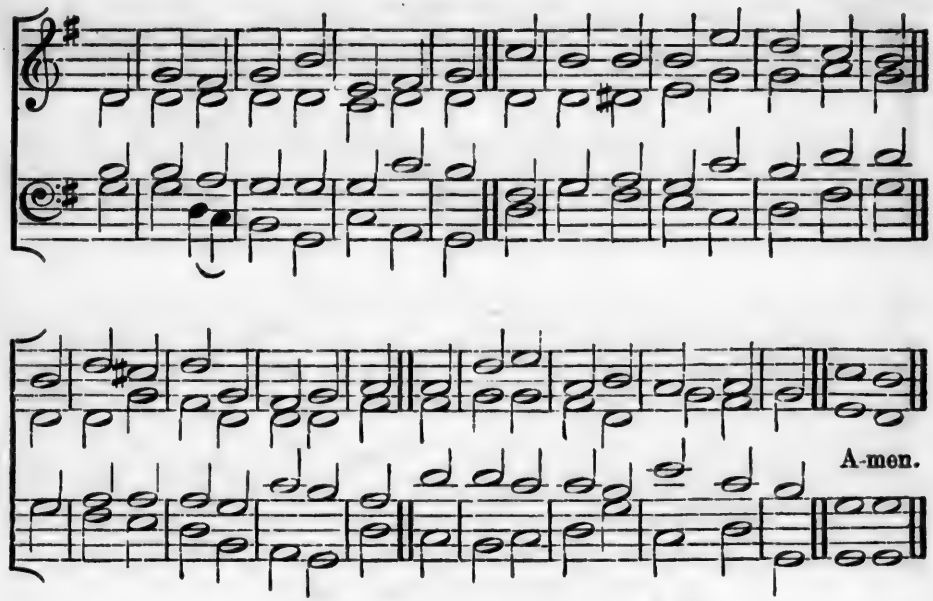
New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

Hymn 2.

Morning.

APSLEY.
L.M.



MY God ! how endless is Thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

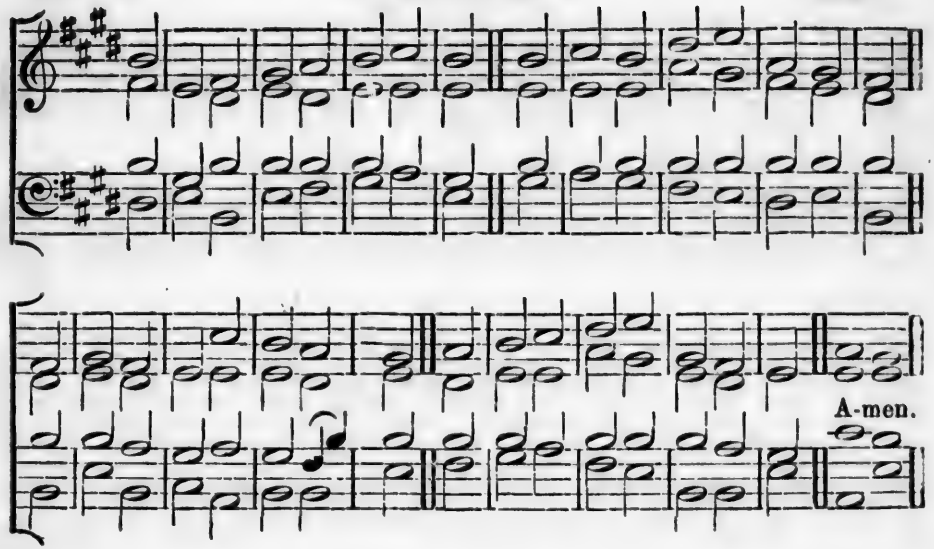
Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy powers.

We yield our powers to Thy command,
To Thee we consecrate our days ;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Hymn 3.

Morning.

GUELPH.
L.M.



AWAKE! my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if the last;
Thy talents to improve take care!
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

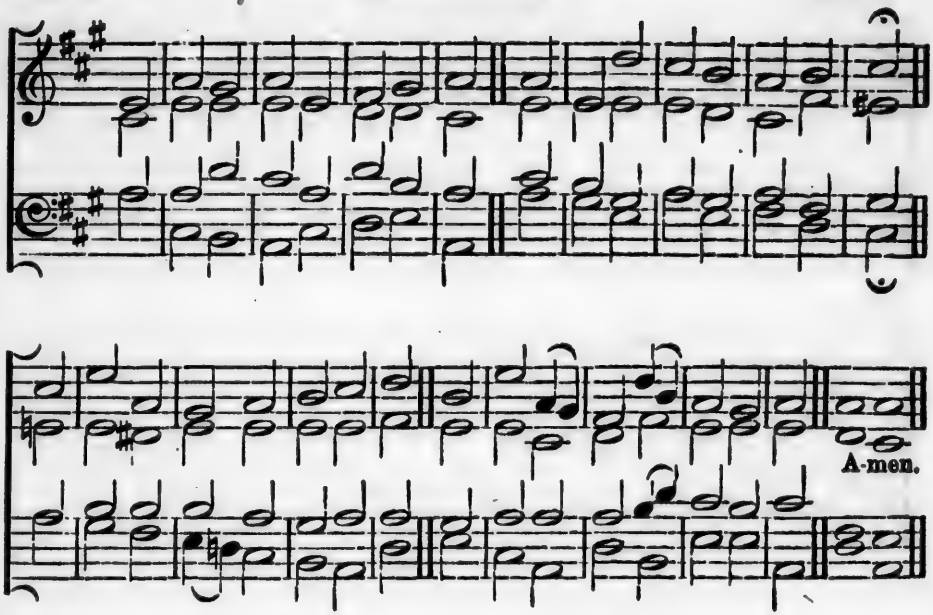
Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake! and lift up thyself, my heart!
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King.

Hymn 4.

Morning.

KESWICK.
L.M.

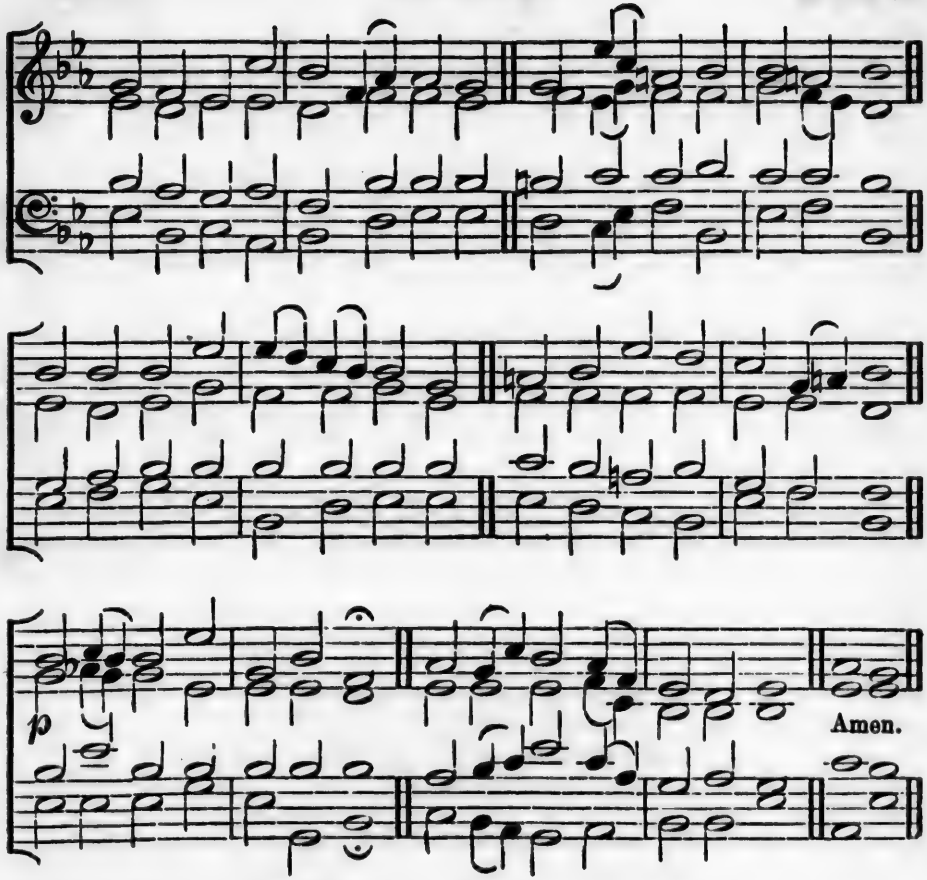


WE wake, we wake, ye heavenly choir
May your devotion us inspire,
That we, like you, our age may spend,
Like you, may on our God attend.

Lord! we our vows to Thee renew,
Scatter our sins as morning dew;
Guard our first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself our spirits fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All we design, or do, or say;
That all our powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Hymn 5. **Evening.** HAMILTON. 8s. 7s. & 7s.



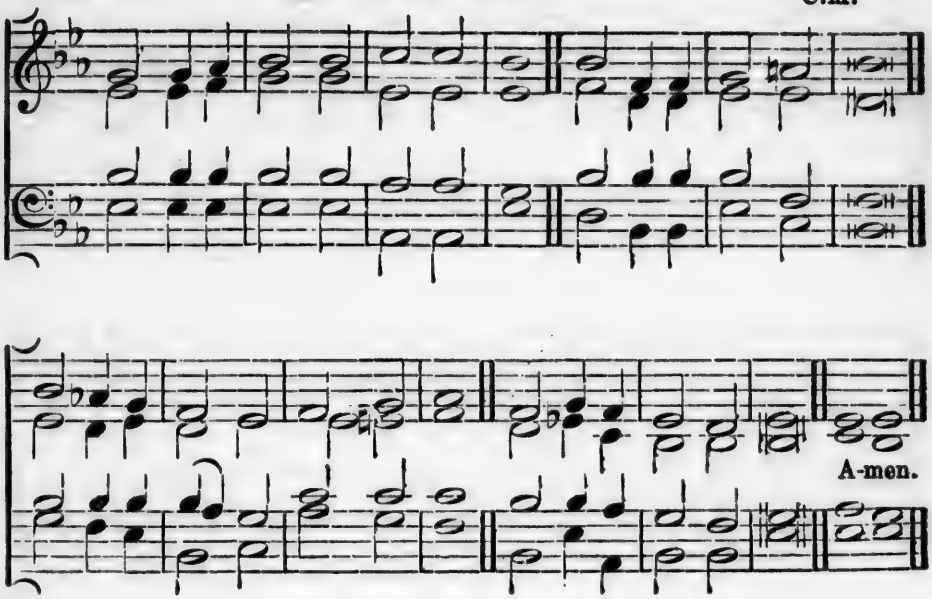
THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
Wearied we lie down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest.
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee!

Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thy love may we repose;
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last.

Hymn 6.

Evening.

KINGSWOOD.
C.M.



NOW that the daylight dies away,
Ere we lie down and sleep,
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray
To own us, and to keep.

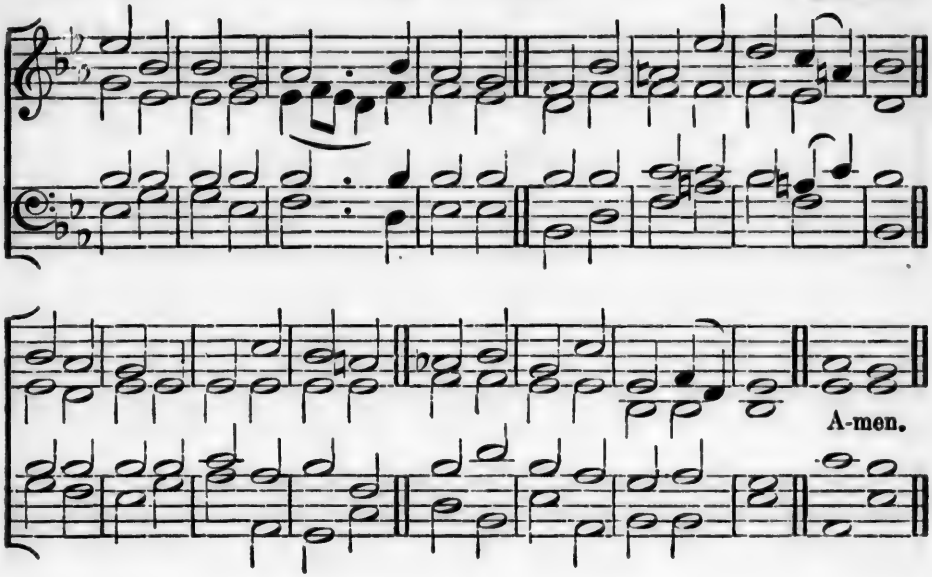
Let dreams depart, and visions fly,
The offspring of the night;
Keep us like shrines beneath Thine eye,
Pure in our foes' despite!

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter
Eternal Three in One!

Hymn 7.

Evening.

NIAGARA.
D. 7's.



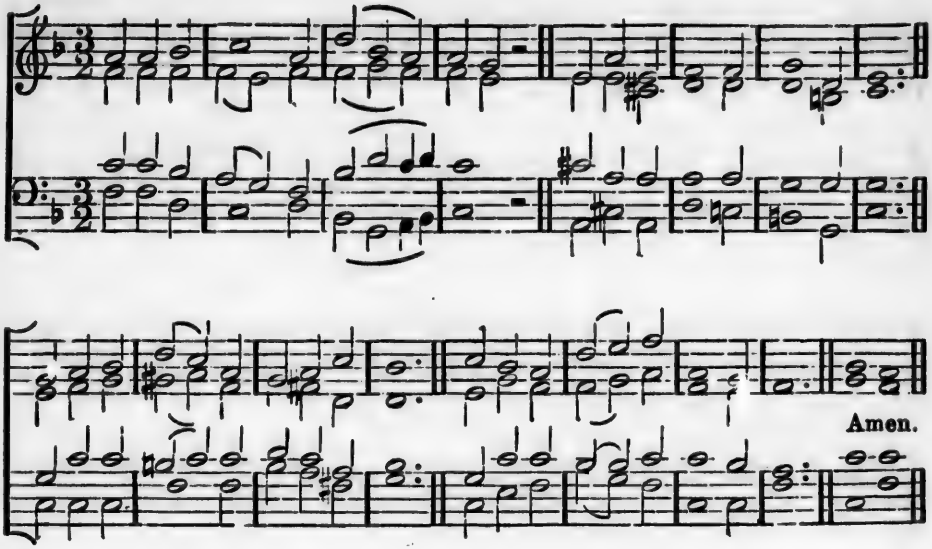
HOLIEST, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in Heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Hymn 8.

Evening.

SOUTHHILL.
L.M.



SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

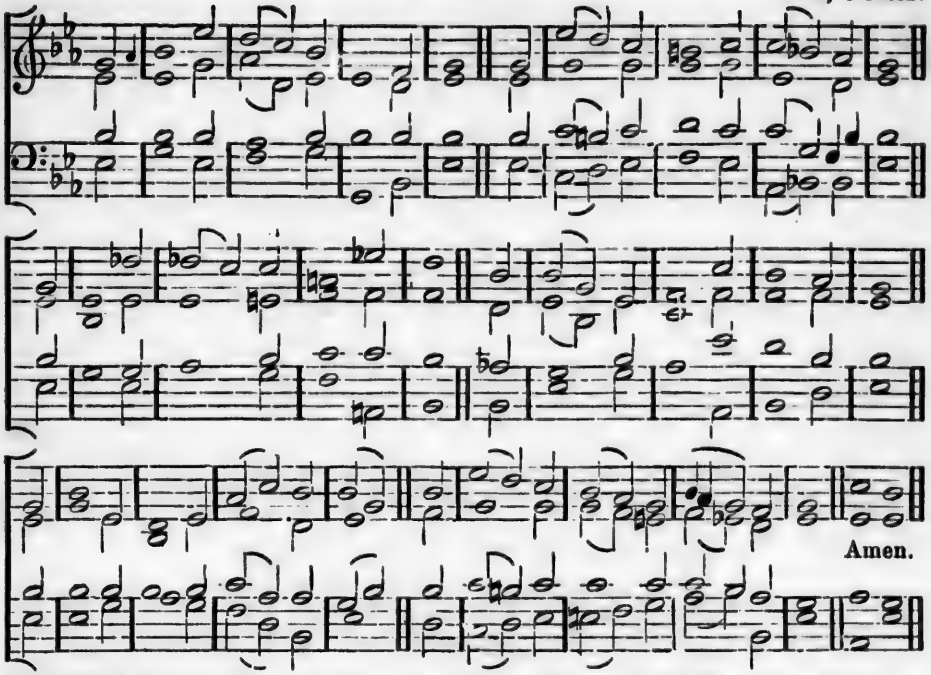
Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

Hymn 9.

Evening.

ELMCROFT.
8's, 6 lines.



SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light!

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light!

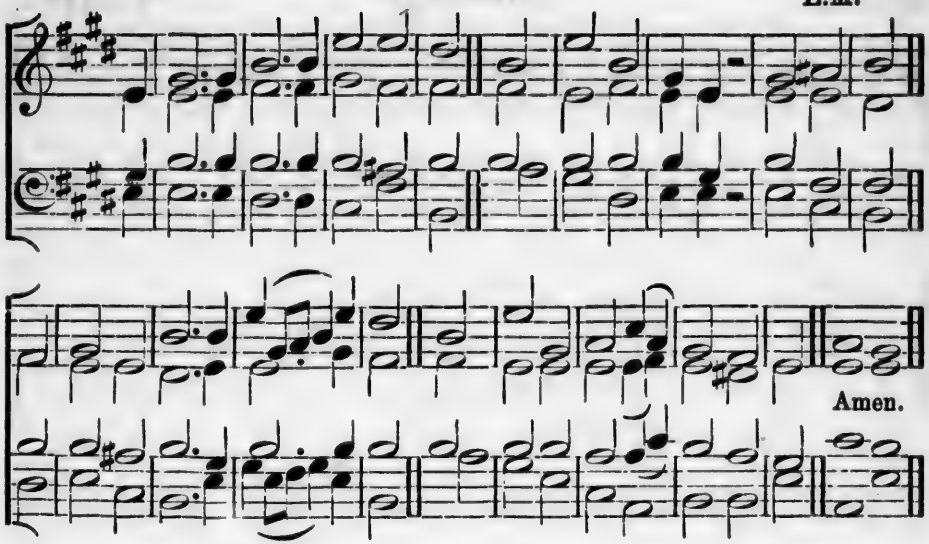
Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light!

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh! let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light!

Hymn 10.

Advent.

WESTMORLAND.
L.M.



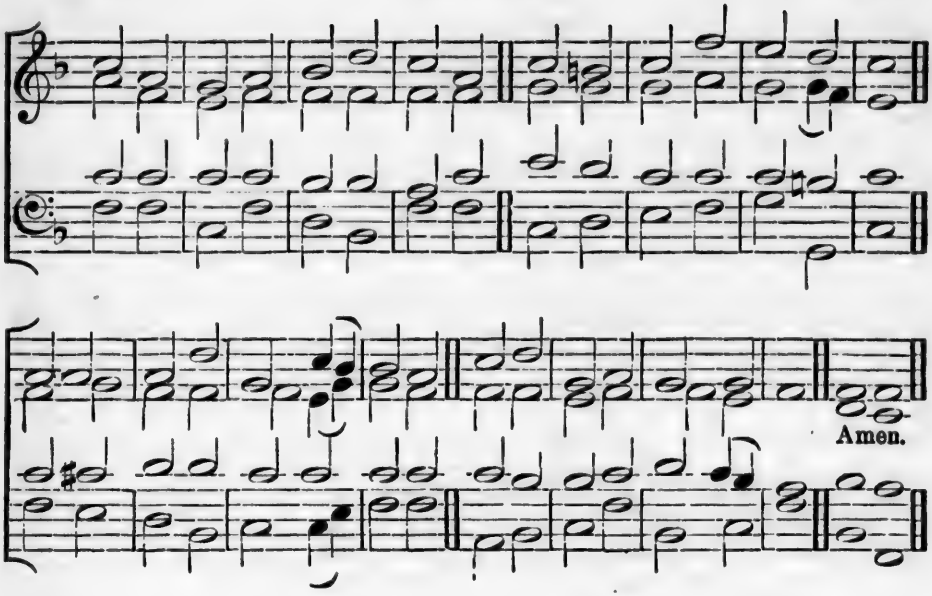
HE comes, He comes! the Judge severe,
The Seventh Trumpet speaks Him near;
His light'nings flash, His thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul.

From Heaven angelic voices sound;
See the Almighty Jesus crowned,
Girt with omnipotence and grace!
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

Descending on His glorious throne,
He claims the kingdoms for His own;
The kingdoms all obey His word,
And hail Him their triumphant Lord.

Shout, all ye people of the sky,
And all ye saints of God most High!
Jesus, who now His right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

Hymn 11. **Advent.** KUNUBECASIS. 8.7.



HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding,
Christ is nigh! it seems to say;
Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!

Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from Heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven!

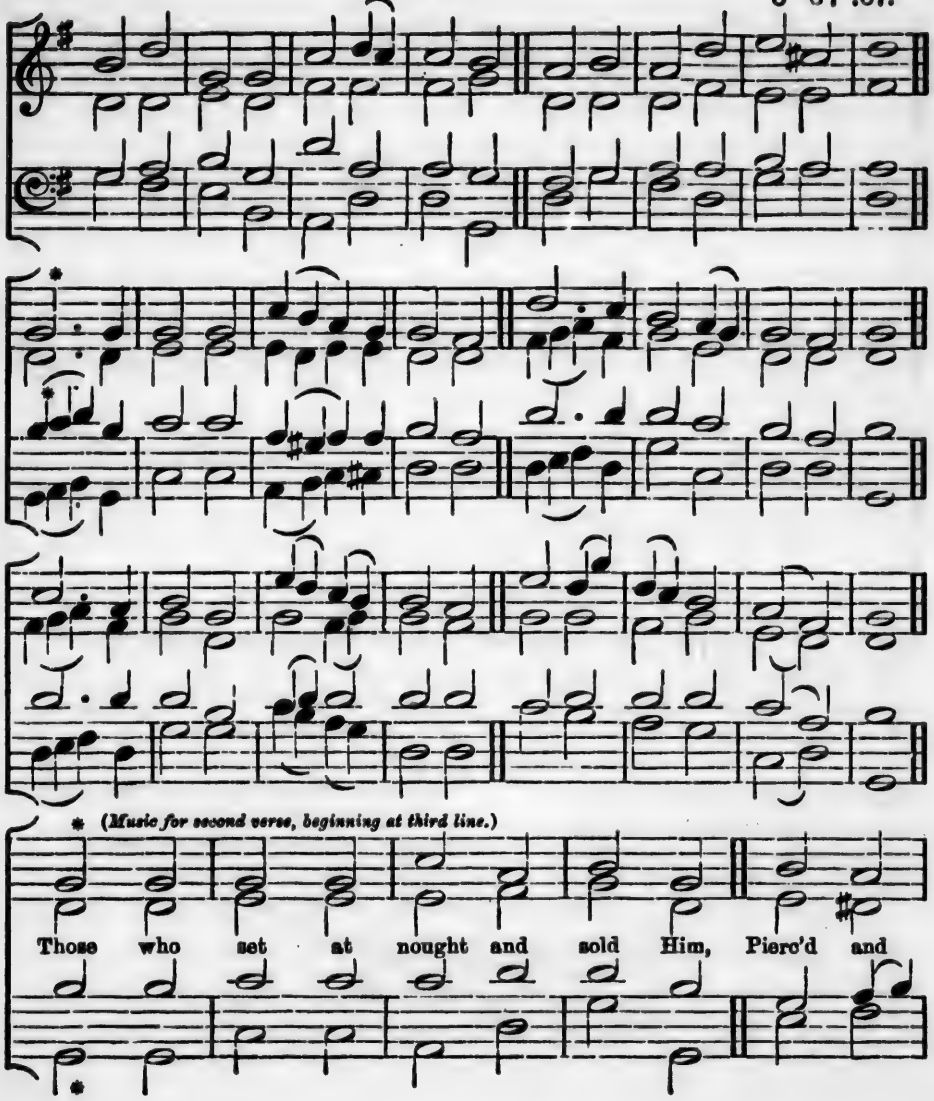
That when next He comes with glory,
And the world is wrapt in fear;
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

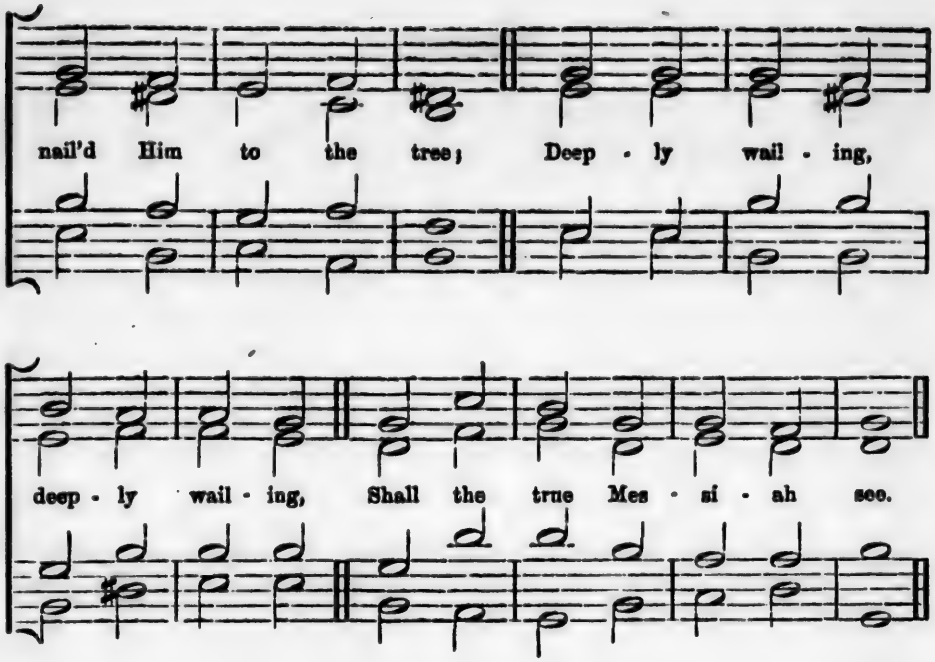
Honour, glory, might, and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While the endless ages run!

Hymn 12.

Advent.

TORONTO.
8 87 .87.





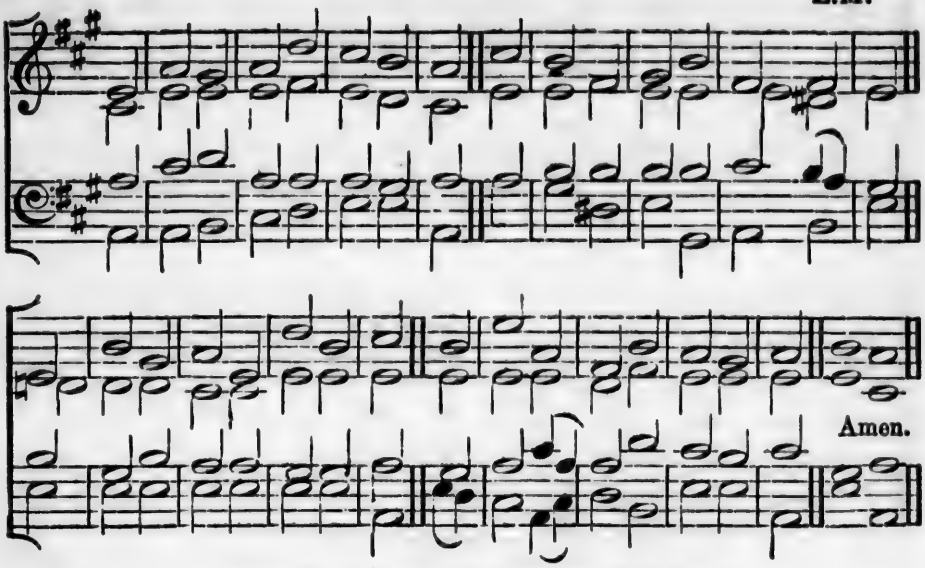
LO! He comes in clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful Majesty;
*Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air,
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

Yea! amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim Thy kingdoms for Thine own.
O, come quickly!
Hallelujah! Amen.

Hymn 13. **Advent.** HALIFAX. L.M.



WHEN shades of night around us close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O Lord, to Thee.

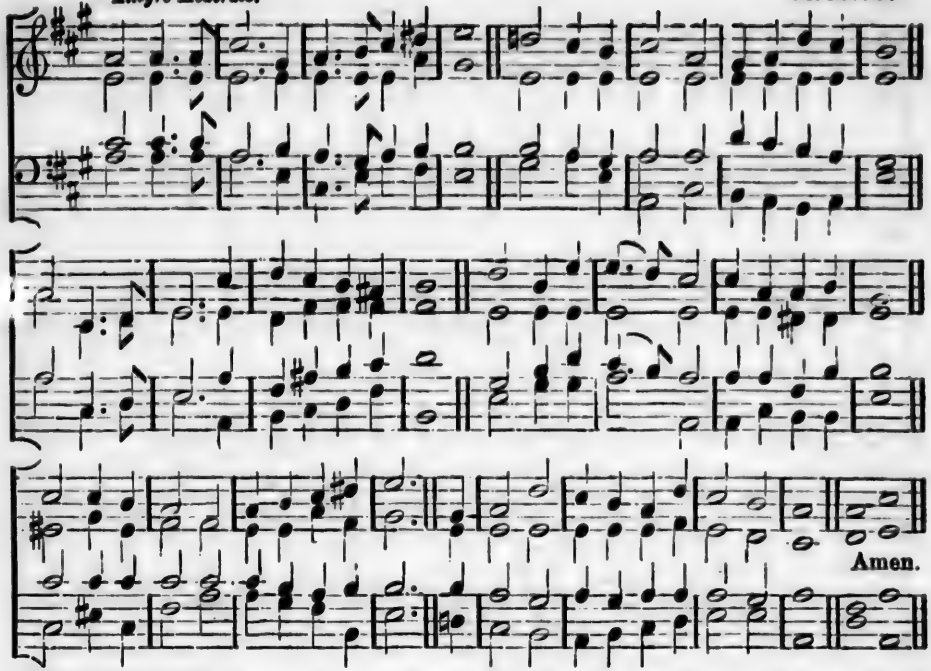
Thou true Desire of Nations hear,
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear!
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Hymn 14. **Christmas.** EPHRATA. 66.66.66.

Allegro Moderato.



CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

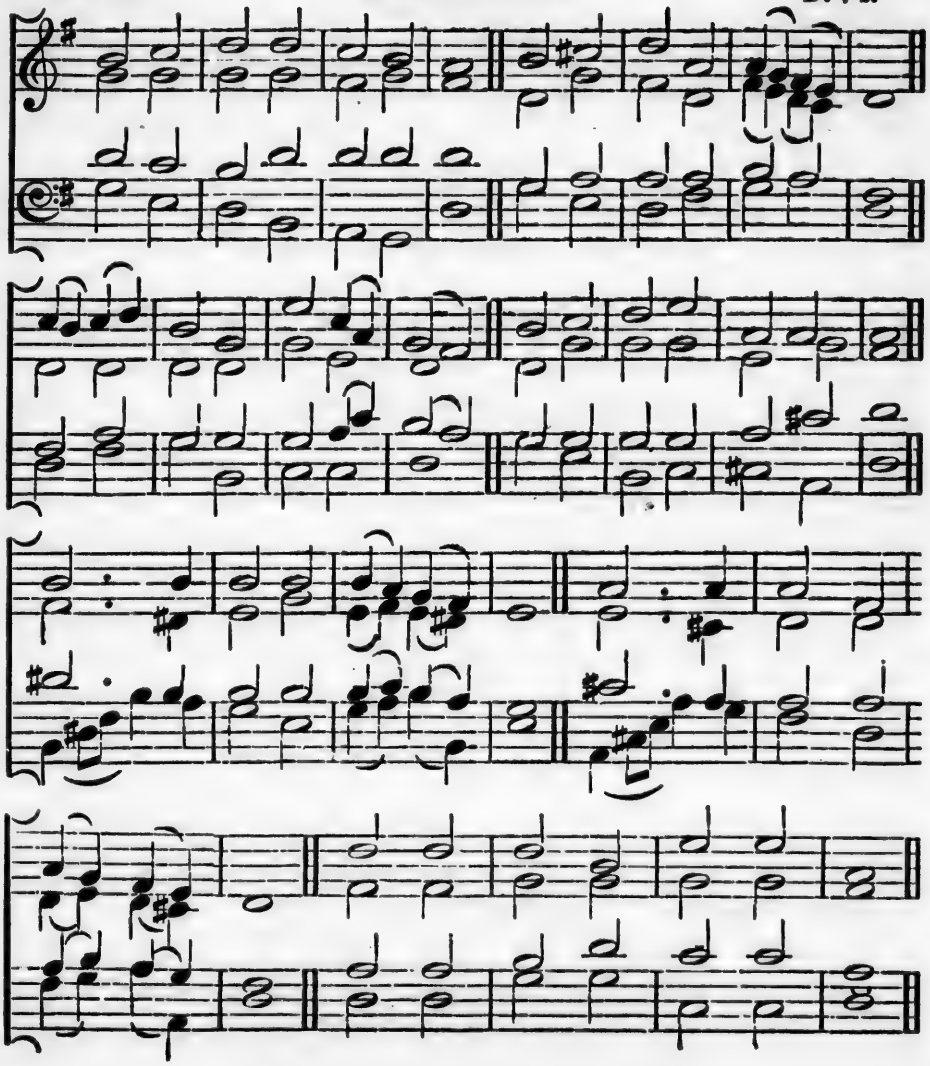
O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

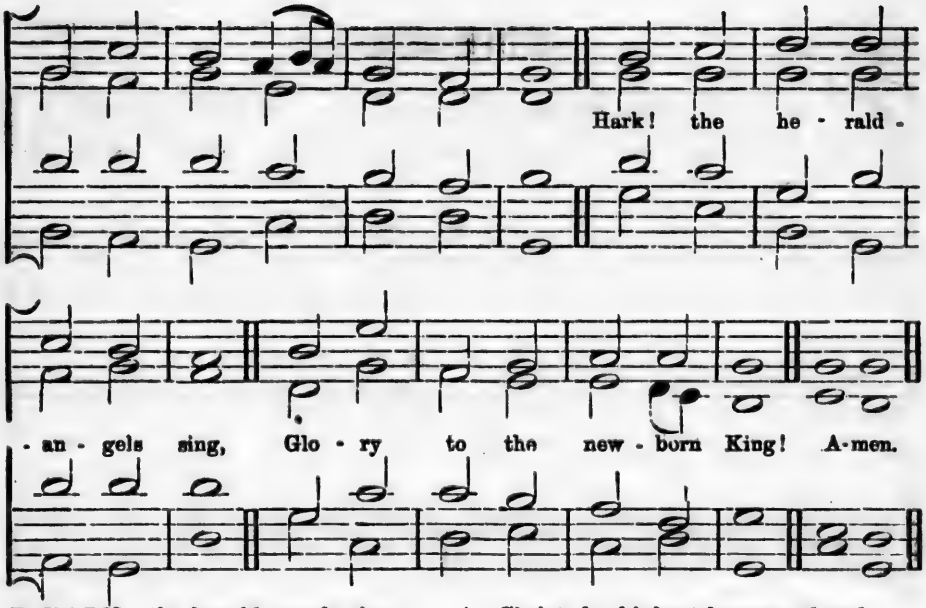
Then may we hope th'angelic hosts among
To join redeemed a glad triumphant throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's eternal King!

Hymn 15.

Christmas.

TORREYBURN.
D. 7's.





HARK! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Hark! the herald-angels, &c.

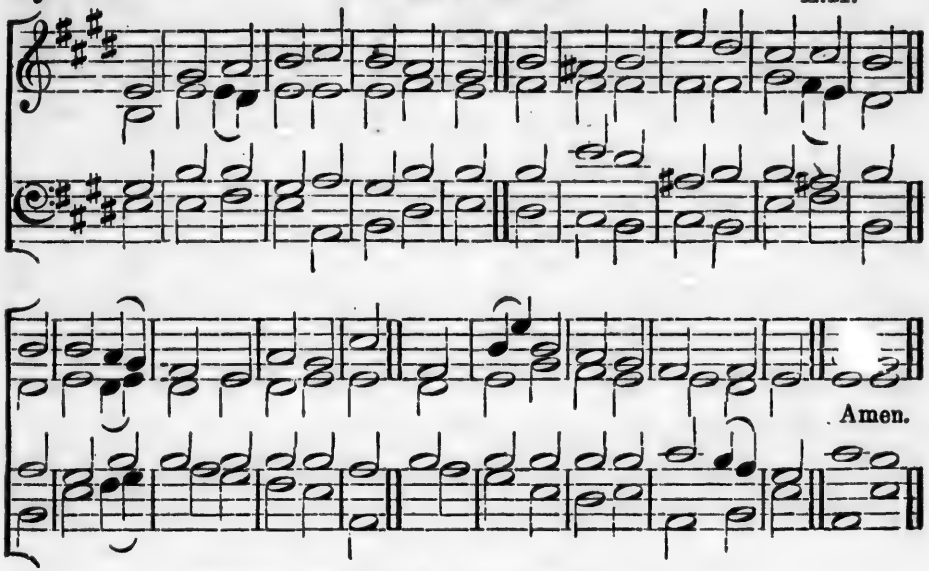
Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead He,
Hail th' Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
Hark! the herald-angels, &c.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing, &c.

Hymn 16.

Christmas.

EFFINGHAM.
L.M.



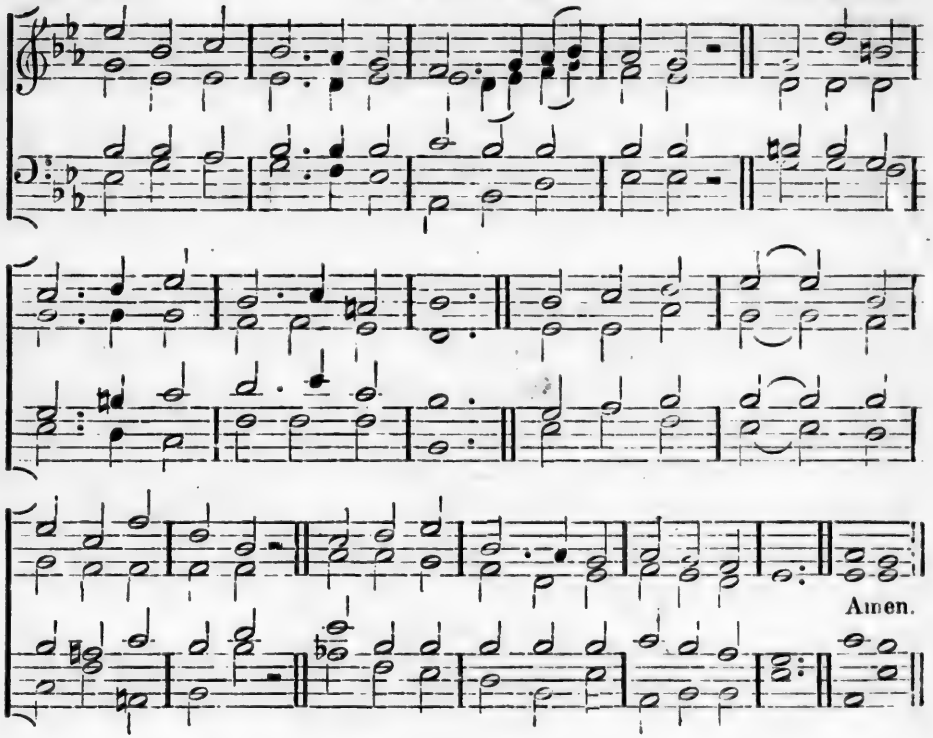
JESU! the very thought is sweet,
In that high Name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of Thy presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this,
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings truer comfort nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind,
But what art Thou to them that find!

No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness;
Alone who hath Thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus! what Thou art.

Hymn 17. **Epiphany.** MONTREAL. 10's & 11's.



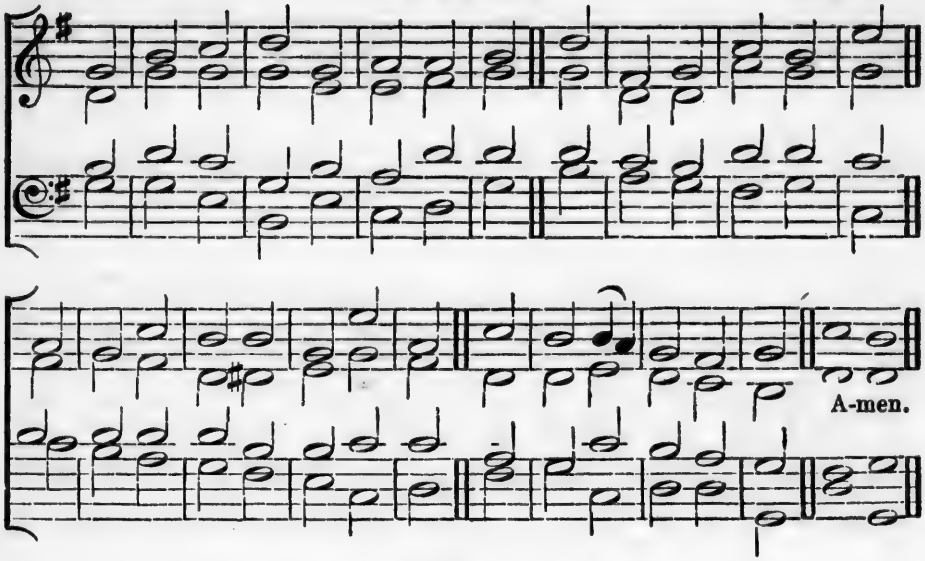
BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Thee in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Hymn 18. **Epiphany.** ARLINGTON. C.M.



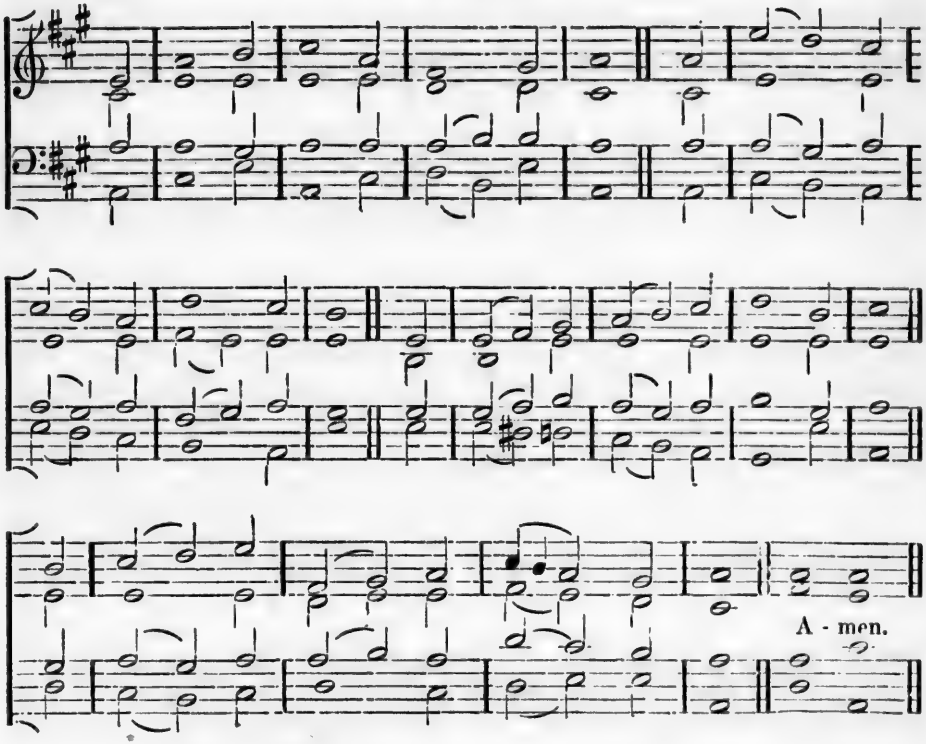
BRIGHT was the guiding star that led
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

Oh! haste to follow where it leads,
Its gracious call obey!
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

Oh! gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in Heaven.

Hymn 19. **Epiphany.** AMHERST. L.M.



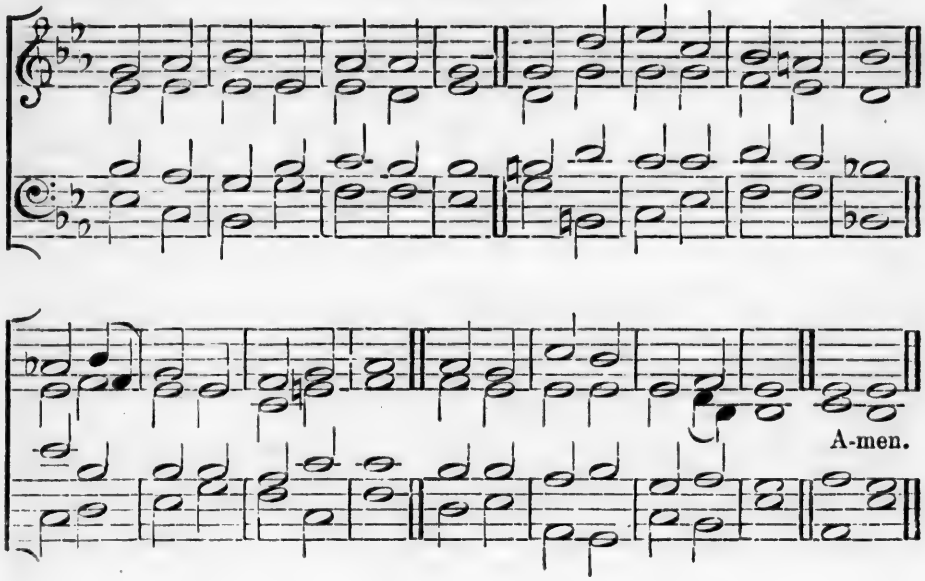
GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song!

He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song!

He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song!

Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song!

Hymn 20. **Lent.** Richdale. 7's.



HOLY Jesu! Saviour blest,
As by passion strong possessed,
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the way.

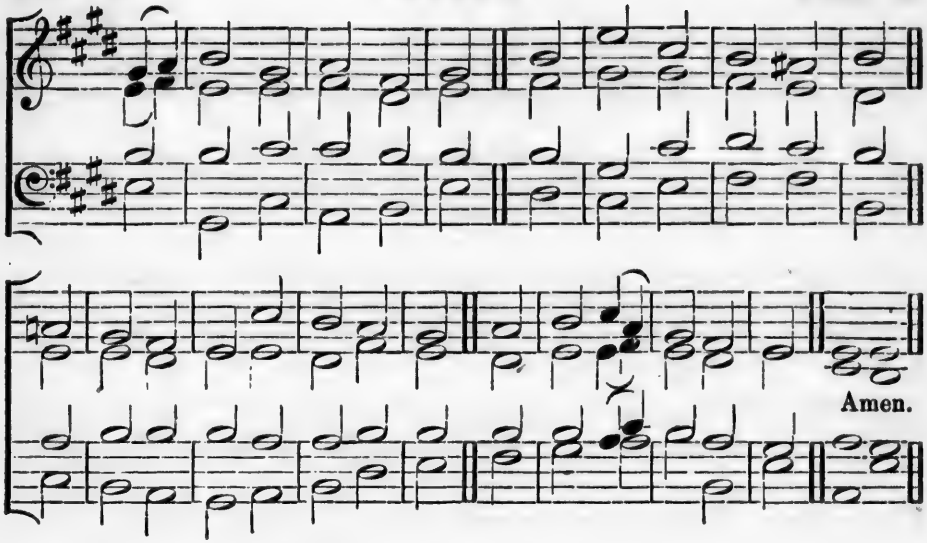
Holy Jesu! when the night
Of sorrow blinds our clouded sight,
Round the cheering day to throw,
Saviour, then the truth art Thou.

Holy Jesus! when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the Life.

Channel of the Father's grace,
Image of the Father's face,
Saviour blest, Incarnate Son,
With the Father Thou art One.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, only Son, to Thee;
And of equal power confessed,
Glory to the Spirit blest.

Hymn 21. **Lent.** KENSINGTON. S.M.



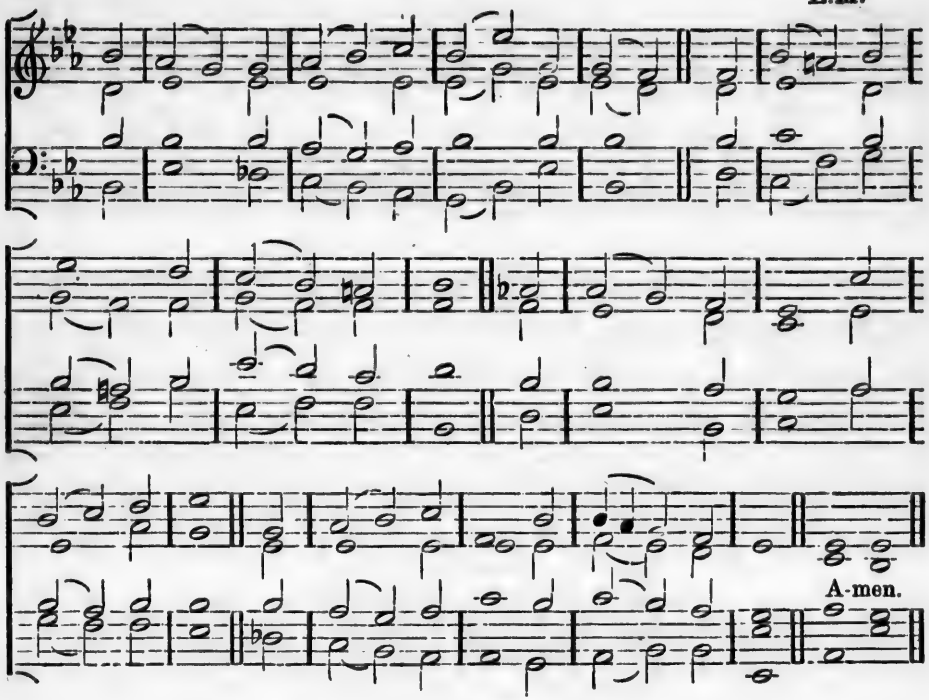
MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His word.

When shall the pardoning grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's Name.

With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

Hymn 22. **Lent.** POMFRET. L.M.



GOD of our Life, to Thee we call,
Afflicted at Thy feet we fall;
When the great waterfloods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

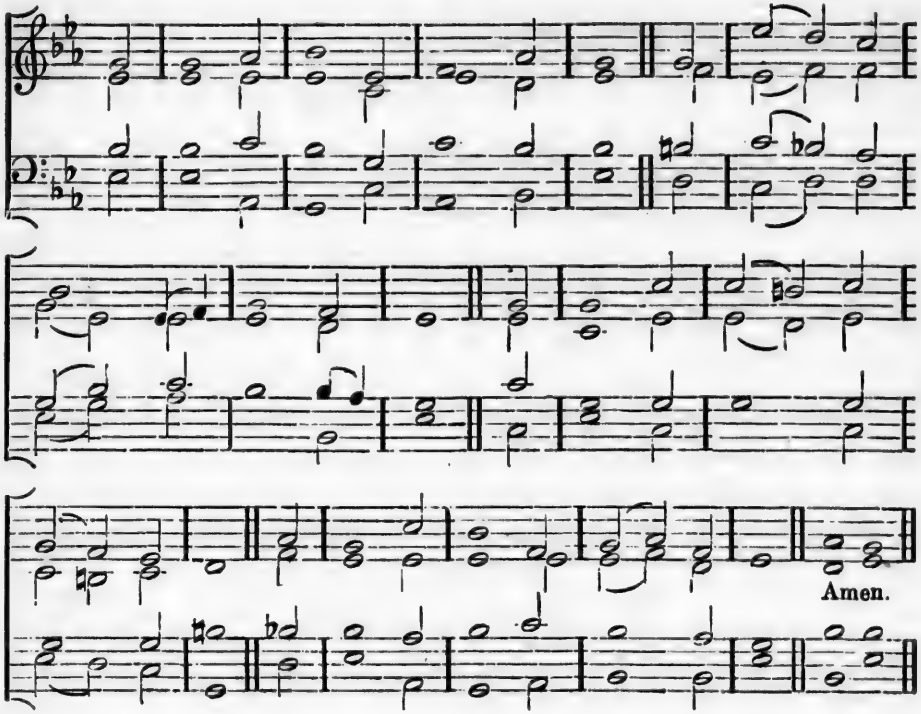
Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall we lodge our deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.

Then hear, O Lord! our humble cry,
And bend on us Thy pitying eye;
To Thee their prayer Thy people make;
Hear us for our Redeemer's sake.

Hymn 23.

Lent.

St. Andrews.
L.M.



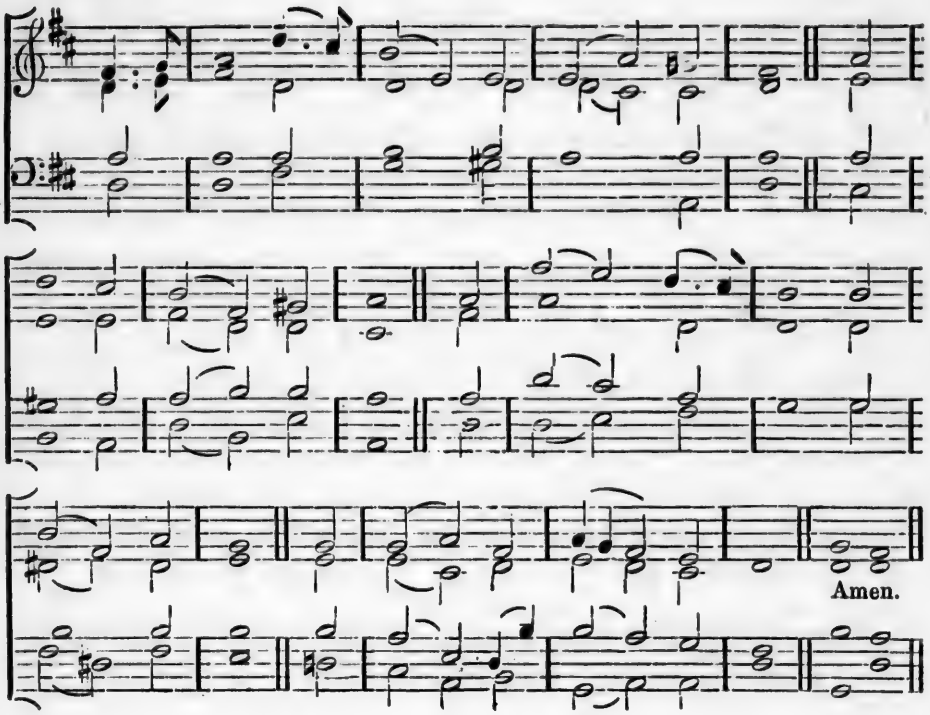
As through this wilderness I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no evil need I fear,
If Thou, my Lord, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my strength in waves of woe;
Saviour, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Teach me where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless untired to follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

Hymn 24. **Lent.** LAVINGTON. C.M.



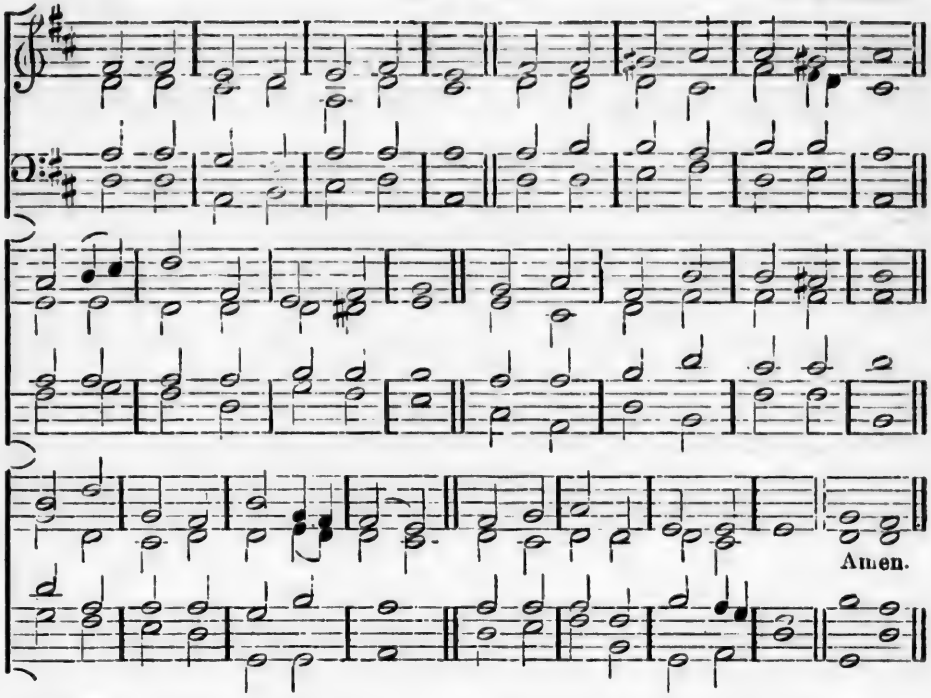
TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of guilt in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
Send down Thy heavenly grace
To guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid impart,
And feel another's care.

Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive Thy ready Bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Hymn 25. **Lent.** TORQUAY. 7's 6 lines.



ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

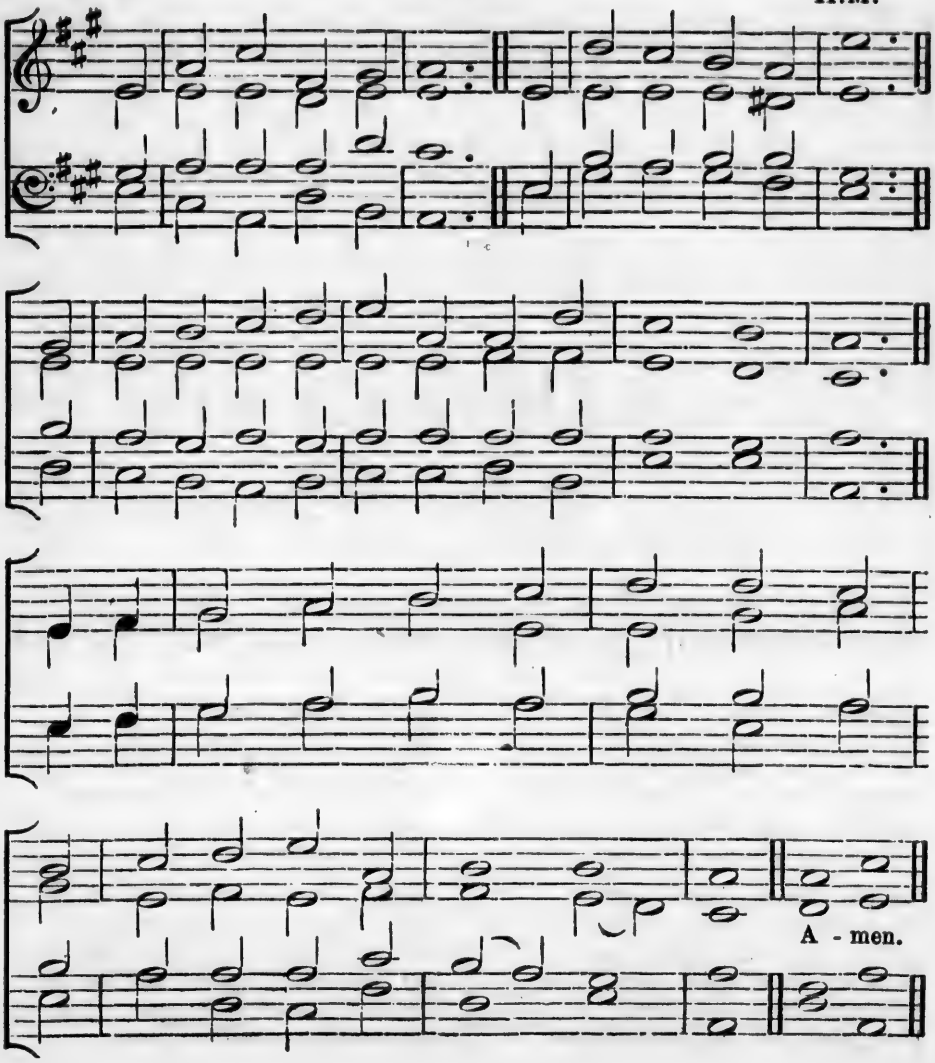
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Hymn 26.

Easter.

TRIUMPH.
H.M.



MPH.
.M.

men.

THE happy morn is come!
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

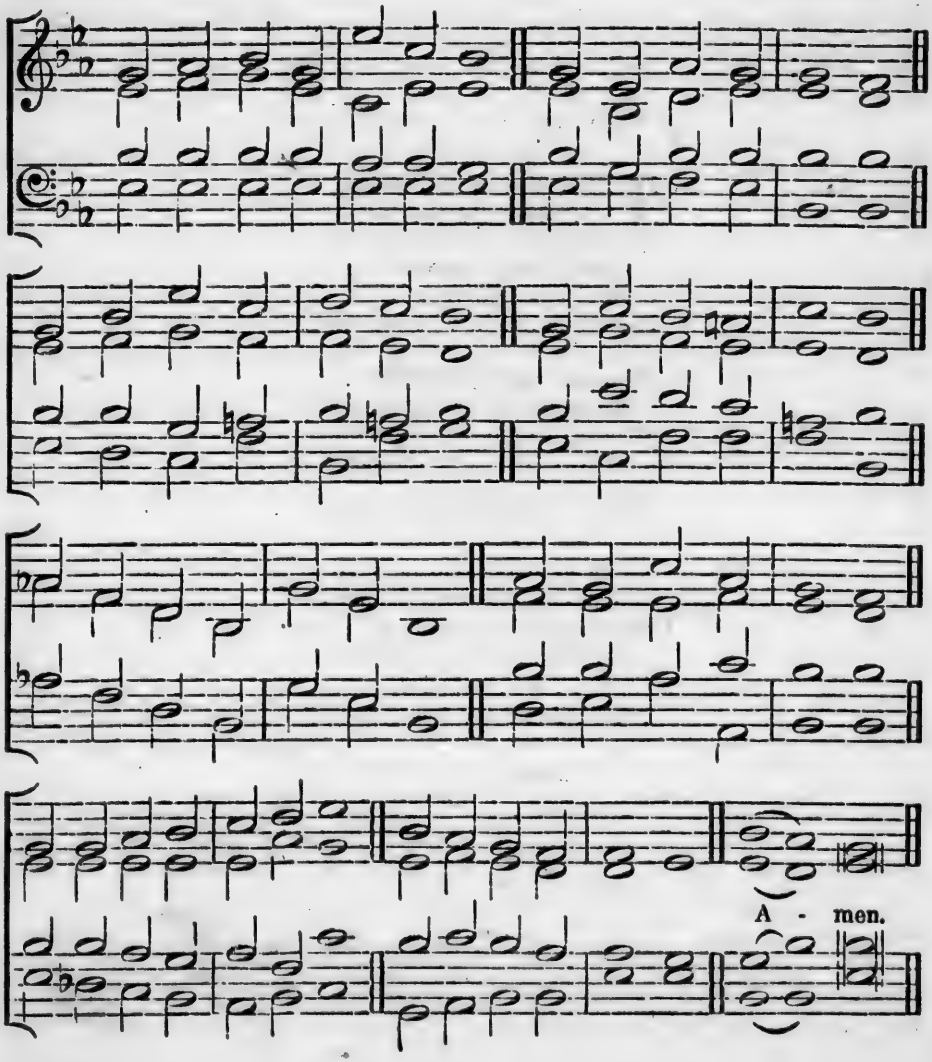
Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died?
Who shall their souls condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won.
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

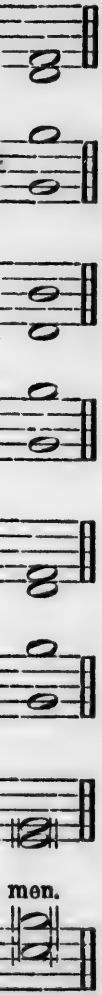
Hymn 27.

Easter.

New Brunswick.
7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.



SWICK.
.7.6.



men.

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness,
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness:
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke,
Jacob's sons and daughters
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day,
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three-days' sleep in death,
As a soul hath risen.
All the winter of our sins
Long and dark is flying
From His Light, to whom we sing
Laud and praise undying.

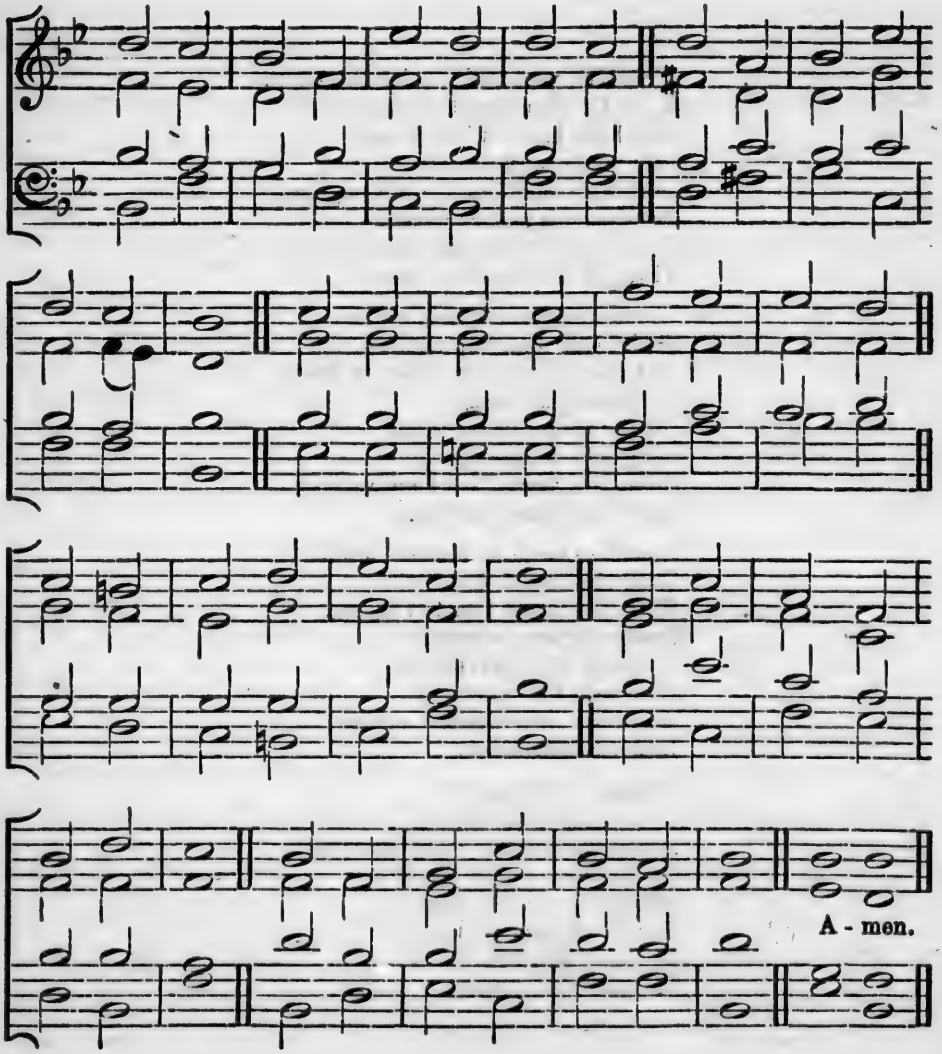
Now the Queen of seasons bright,
With the day of splendour,
With the Royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joys to render:
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's Resurrection.

Alleluia! now we cry,
To our King immortal,
Who, triumphant, burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia! with the Son,
God the Father praising,
Alleluia! yet again
To the Spirit raising.

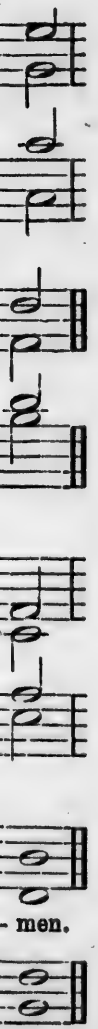
Hymn 28.

Easter.

SACKVILLE.
8s. 7s. & 7s.



ILLE.
& 7s.



- men.

HE is risen! He is risen!
Tell it with a joyful voice;
He has burst His three-days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All His woes are over now,
And the passion that He bore,
Sin and pain can vex no more.

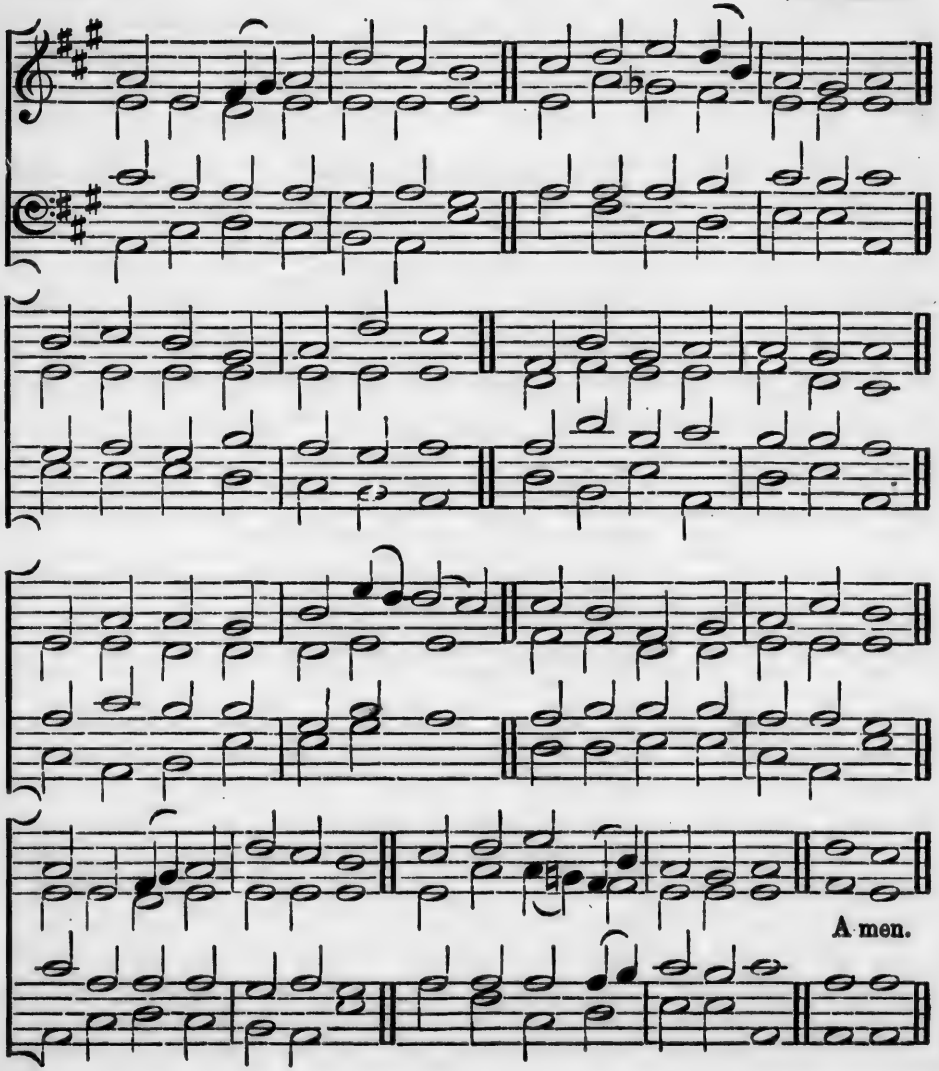
Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one dark cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East,
Brighter far our Easter feast.

He is risen! He is risen!
He has oped th' eternal gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

Hymn 29.

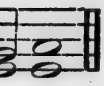
Easter.

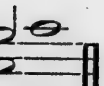
SAUMAREZ.
7s. 8 lines.

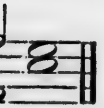


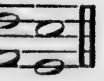
MAREZ.

3 lines.









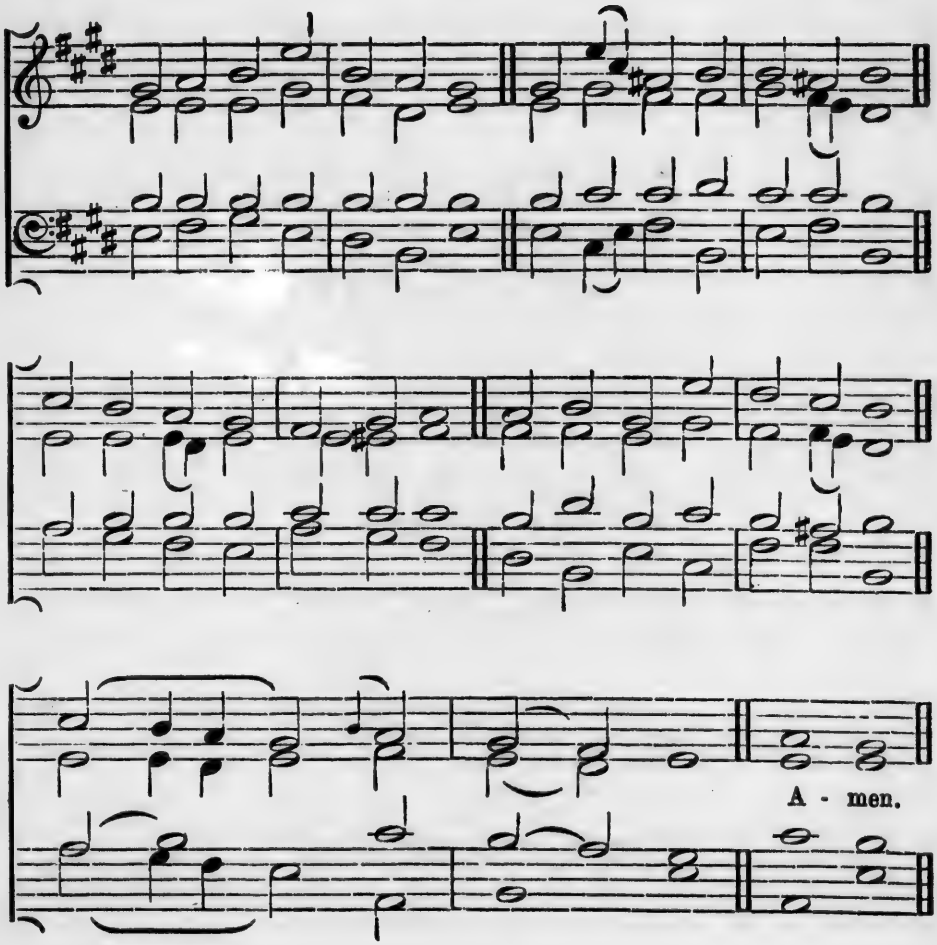
A men.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Christians, haste your vows to pay!
Offer ye your praises meet,
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled
Sinless in the sinner's stead.
"Christ is risen!" to-day we cry,
Now He lives, no more to die.

Christ the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together death and life.
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay.
"Christ is risen!" to-day we cry,
Now He lives, no more to die.

Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, Eternal Hope on high,
Hail, Thou King of Victory,
Hail, Thou Prince of Life adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord!

Hymn 30. **Easter.** KINGSTON. 7s.



CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal-Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say,
Alleluia!

He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry,
Alleluia!

He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings,
That the Lamb is King of kings,
Alleluia!

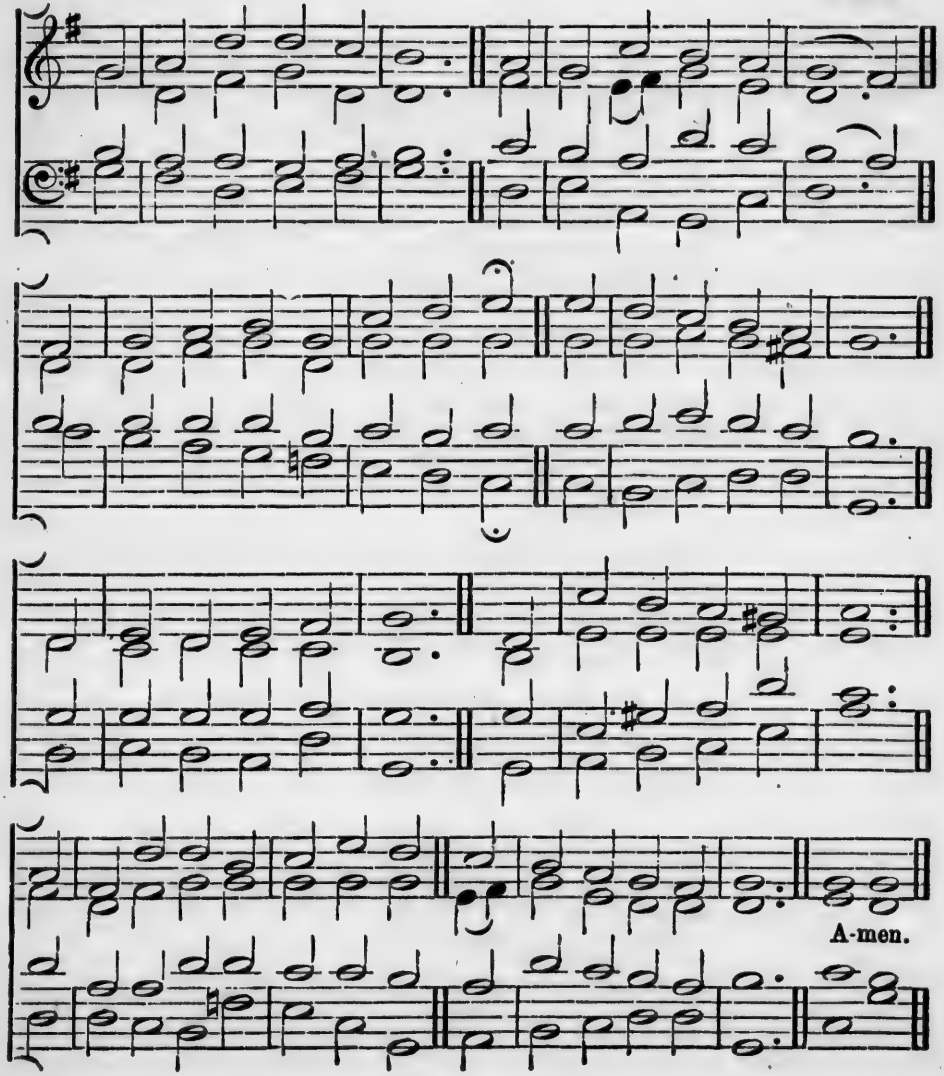
Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter Heaven,
Alleluia!

Thou our Paschal Lamb, indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed!
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day,
Alleluia!

Hymn 31.

Ascension.

OLIVET.
D.S.M.



THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed,
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest!

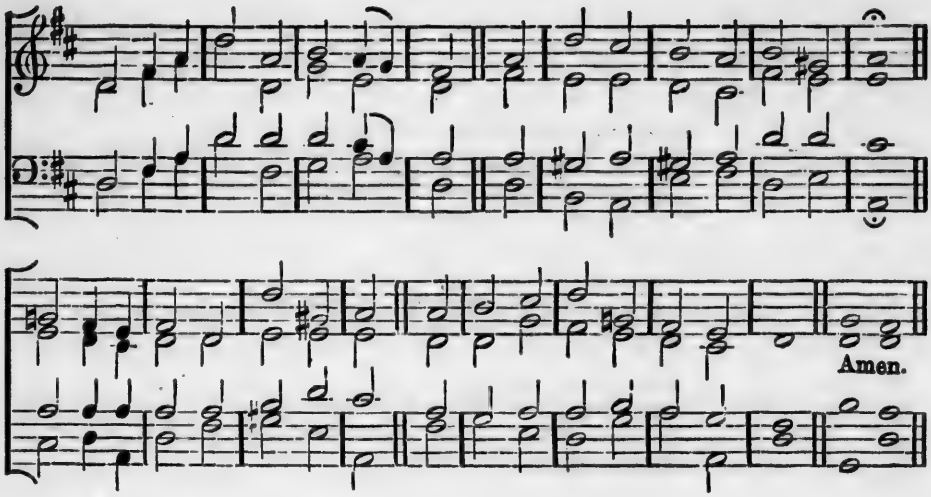
Thou art gone up on high,
But Thou didst first come down
Through earth's most-bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown;
And, girt with griefs and fears,
Our onward course must be,
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee!

Thou art gone up on high,
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high!

Hymn 32.

Ascension.

FREDERICTON.
L.M.



OH, all ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands,
Of God the universal King!

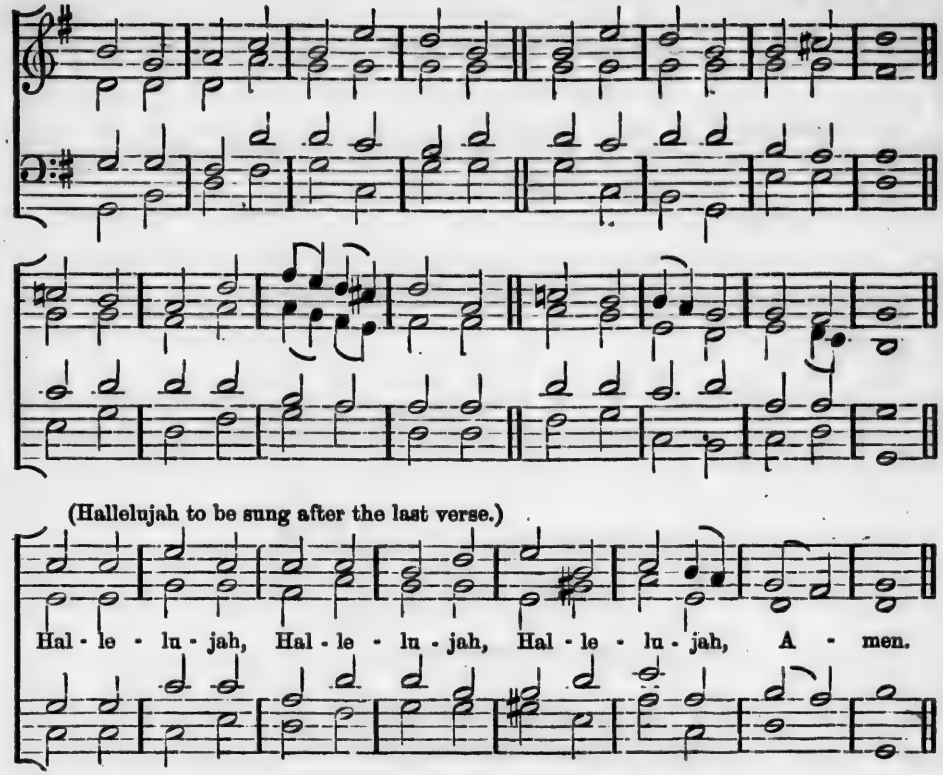
God is gone up our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy and trumpets' sound;
To Him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song go round!

Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For Him who all the world commands;
Who sits upon His righteous throne,
And spreads His sway o'er heathen lands.

Hymn 33.

Ascension.

MAUGERVILLE.
8s. & 7s.



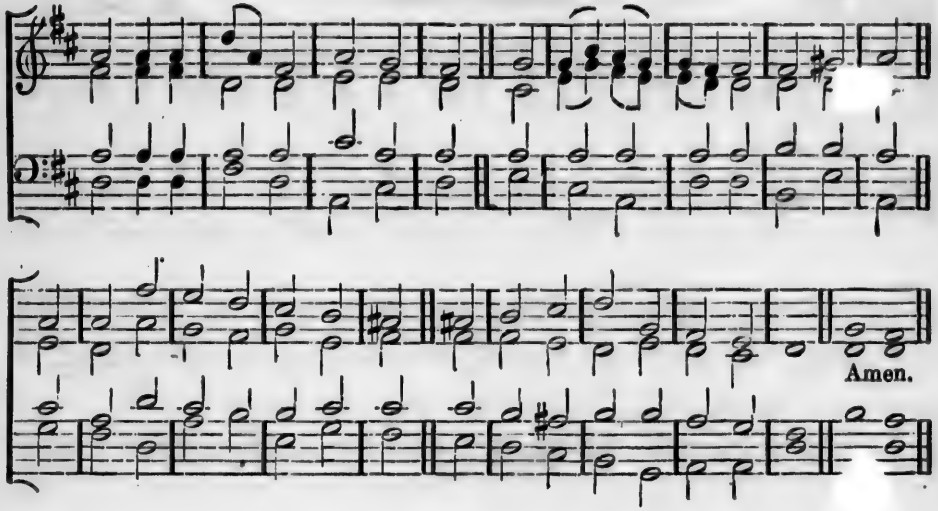
FAR above yon glorious ceiling
Of the azure vaulted sky,
Jesus sits, His love revealing,
To the splendid hosts on high.

Could we leave our foolish dreaming
Of a fancied Heaven below,
And behold Christ's glory beaming,
How our souls would long to go!

We should, from this day, be waiting
Till the full reward is given,
And, His glorious work completing,
Jesus takes His Church to Heaven.

Honour, glory, might, and blessing
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

Hymn 34. **Whitsuntide.** GAGETOWN. L.M.

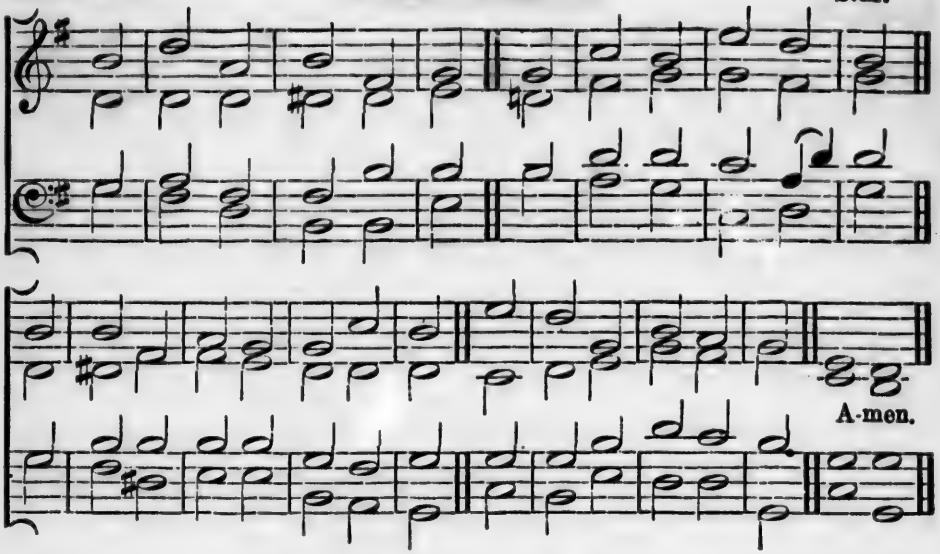


SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love,
O, shed Thine influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day!

In every clime, by every tongue
Be God's surpassing glory sung!
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought!

Unfailing comfort! Heavenly Guide!
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessing prove,
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love!

Hymn 35. **Whitsuntide.** ELTON. S.M.



COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes!

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never-dying love!

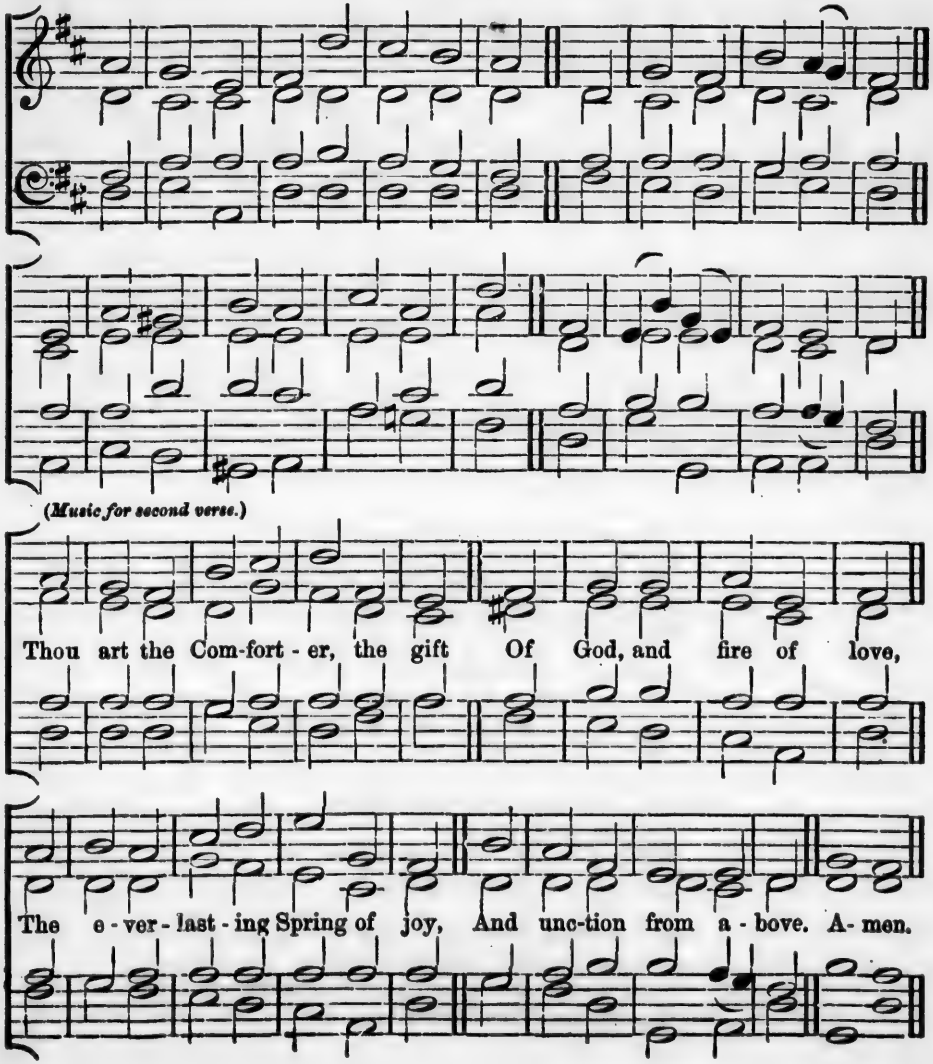
'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul;
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell Thou within our breast,
Our minds from bondage free;
So shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee!

Hymn 36.

Whitsuntide.

VENI CREATOR.
C.M.



COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire the souls of Thine,
Till every heart which Thou hast made
Is filled with grace divine.

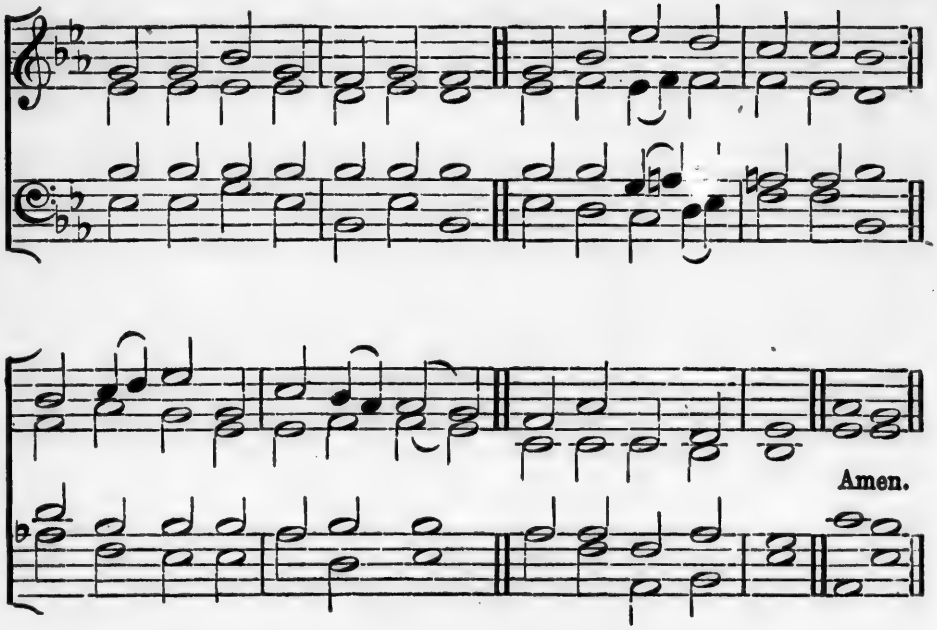
Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love,
The everlasting Spring of joy,
And unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold, Thou writ'st
God's laws in each true heart,
The promise of the Father, Thou,
Dost Heavenly speech impart.

Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With Thy celestial grace.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Hymn 37. **Whitsuntide.** SUNSET. 7. 7. 7. 5.



GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, Heavenly Love.

Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong,
Therefore give us Love.

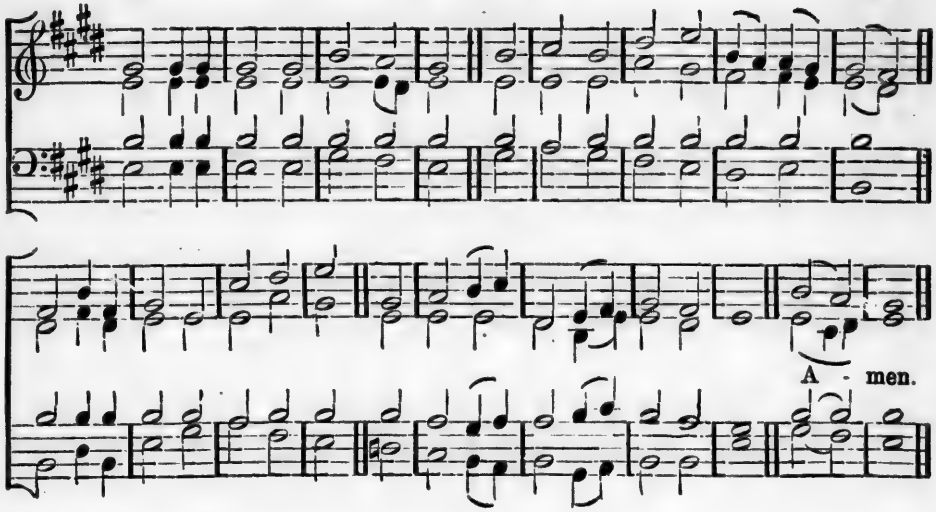
Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day,
Love will ever with us stay,
Therefore give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight,
Hope be emptied in delight,
Love in Heaven will shine more bright,
Therefore give us Love.

Faith, and Hope, and Love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three
And the best, is Love.

From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, Heavenly Love.

Hymn 38. **Trinity.** ELDON. L.M.

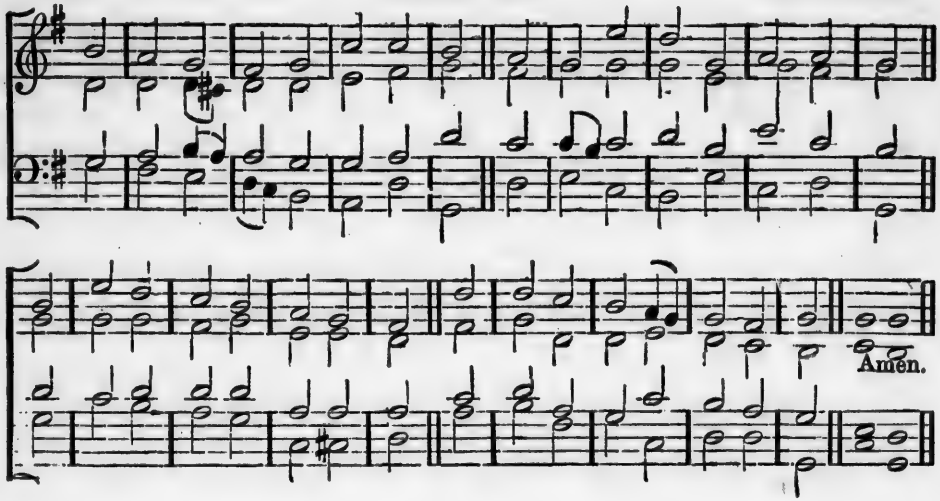


ALL hail, adorèd Trinity!
All hail, eternal Unity;
O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, ever One!

Behold to Thee this festal day,
We meekly pour our thankful lay;
O let our work accepted be,
That sweetest work of praising Thee.

Three Persons praise we evermore,
One only God our hearts adore;
In Thy sure mercy, ever kind,
May we our sure protection find.

O Trinity! O Unity!
Be present as we worship Thee;
And with the songs that angels sing,
Unite the hymns of praise we bring.



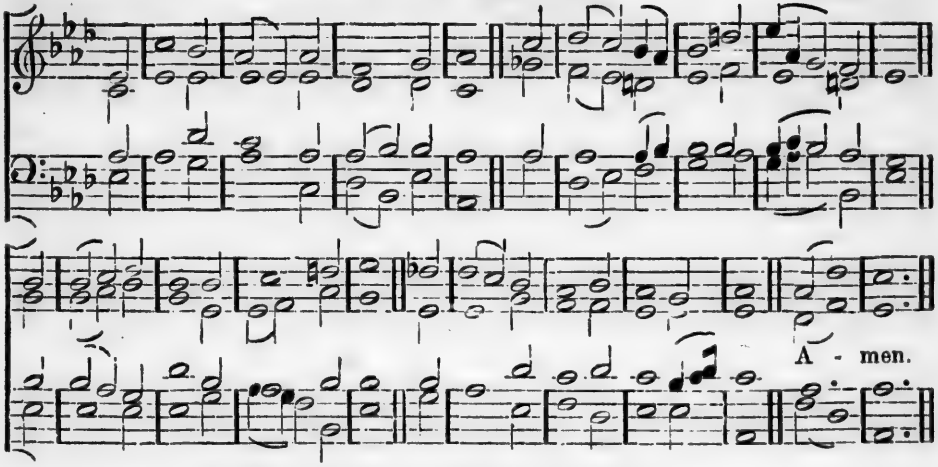
AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the Heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor linger on the Heavenly road.

BELMONT.
L.M.



GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

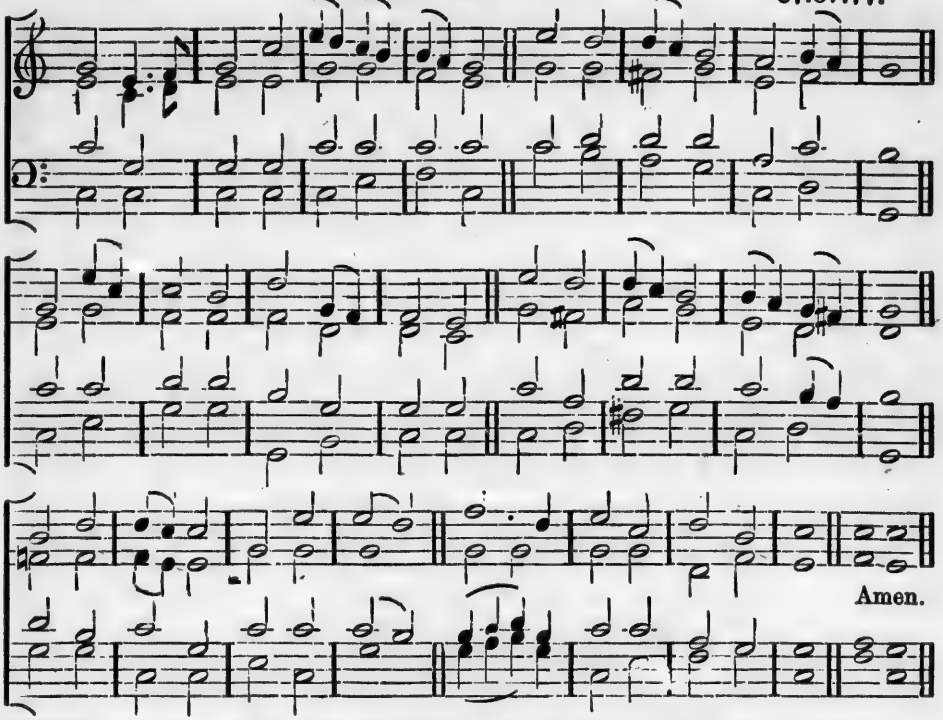
When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accent shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

This cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity!

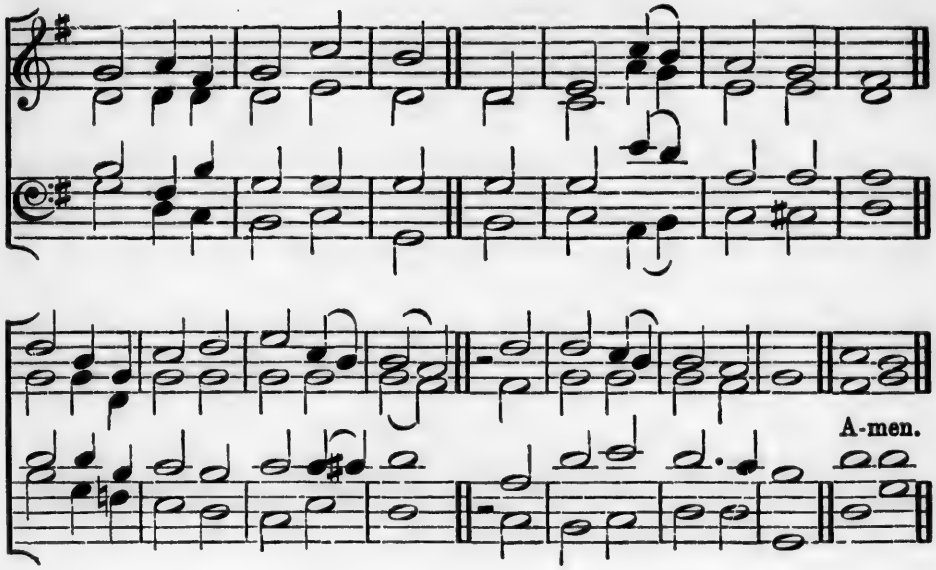
ACTON SCOTT.
87.87.77.



WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Hallelujah! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their Heavenly King!

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long;
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb hath gained!

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified.
Now their painful conflict's o'er,
God has bid them weep no more!



OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul;
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

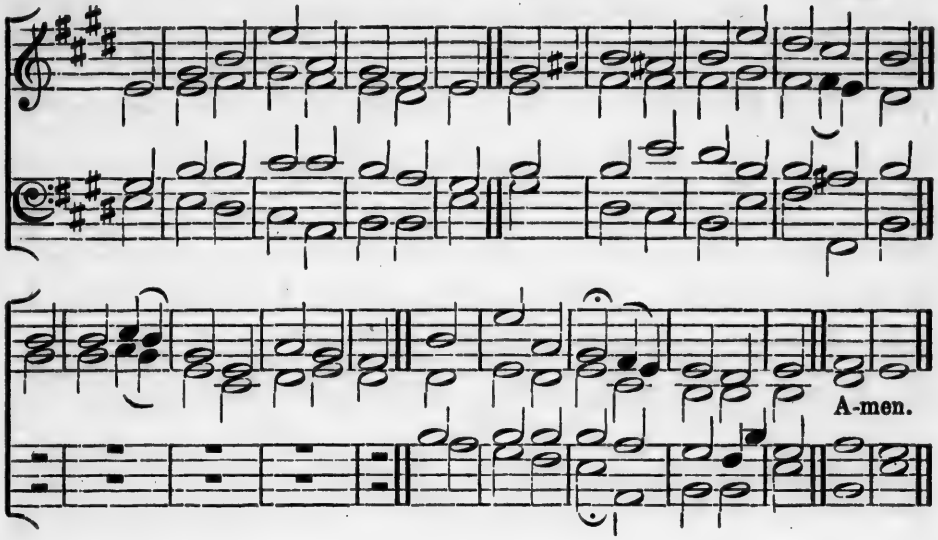
This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the "second death."

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from Thy face,
For evermore undone.

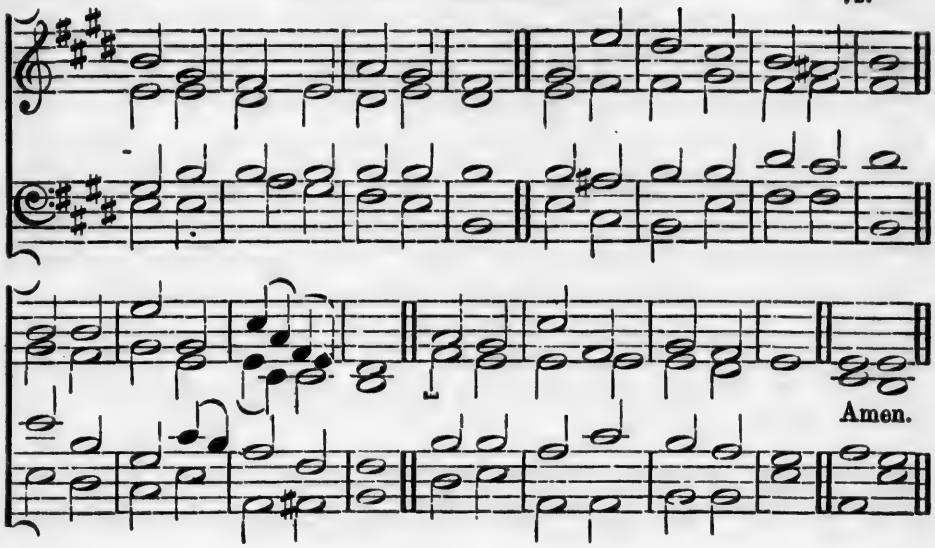
CORTLAND.
L.M.



ALMIGHTY Father, robed with light,
Seated upon upon Thy Heavenly Throne,
Oh teach our hearts to feel aright,
And tongues to say, "Thy will be done."

In all Thy just and righteous ways
Thy grace and goodness may we own;
Foe every mercy yield our praise,
And say, O Lord, "Thy will be done."

And when oppressed with grief we lie,
When brighter scenes are fled and gone,
Still may our souls submissive cry,
Father in Heaven, "Thy will be done."

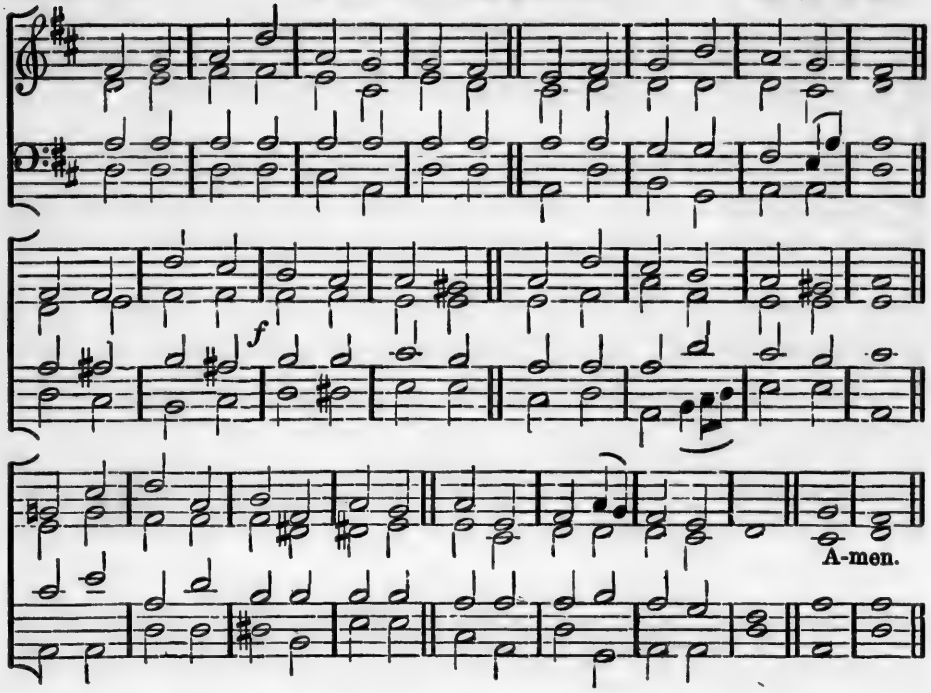


CHILDREN of the Heavenly King.
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Foes are round us, but we stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

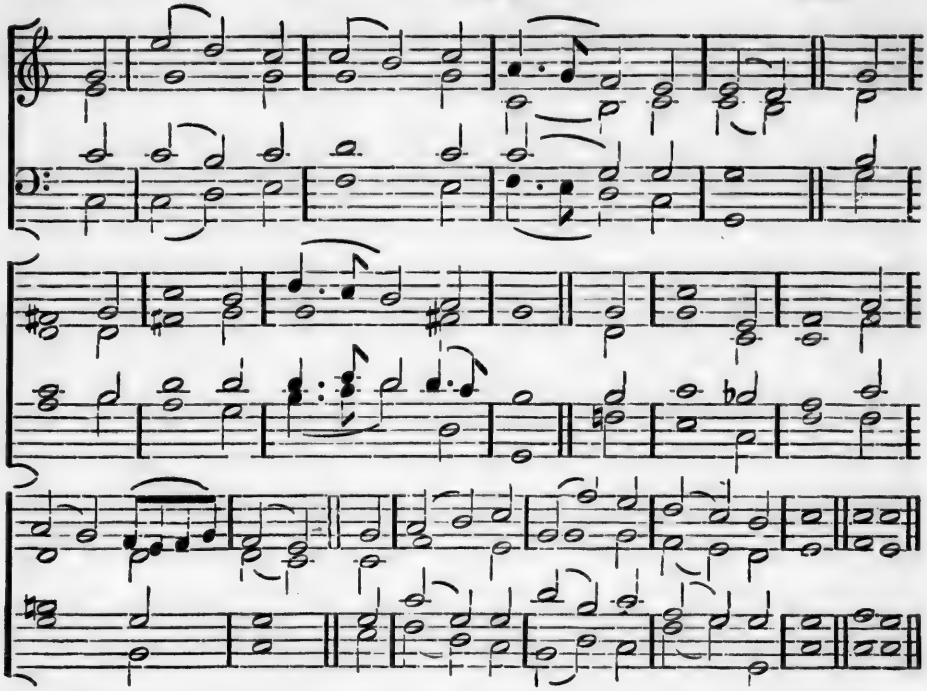
Let us sing, for safe and blessed,
We with Jesus soon shall rest;
There our home is now prepared,
There our kingdom and reward.



GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the living Fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through.
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Bear us through th' o'erwhelming torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.



JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

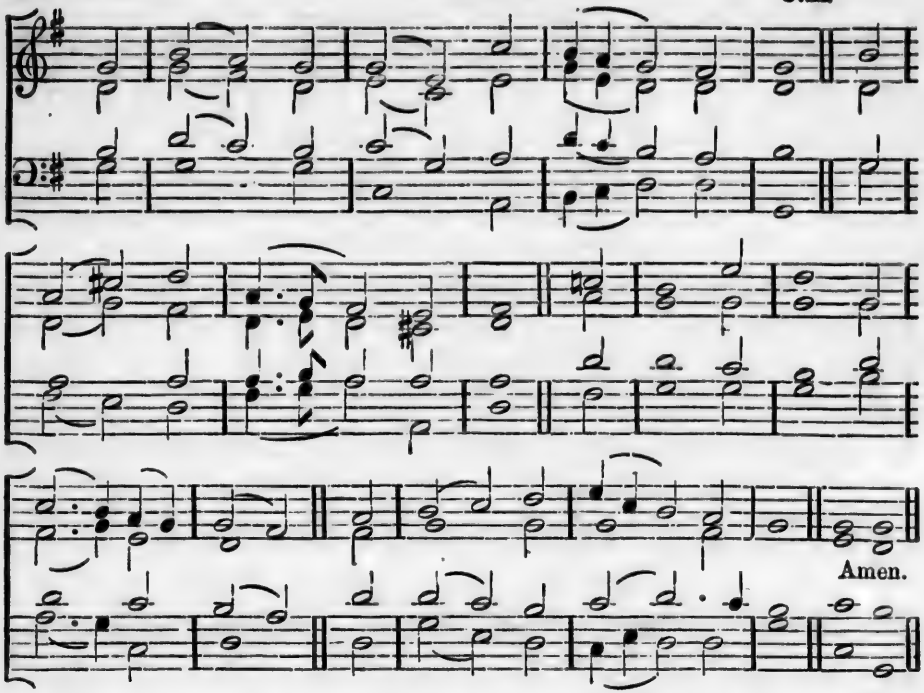
To Him shall fervent prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head;
His name, like perfume, shall arise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Shall hail His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Its grateful honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the loud Amen.

ST. AUGUSTINE.
C.M.



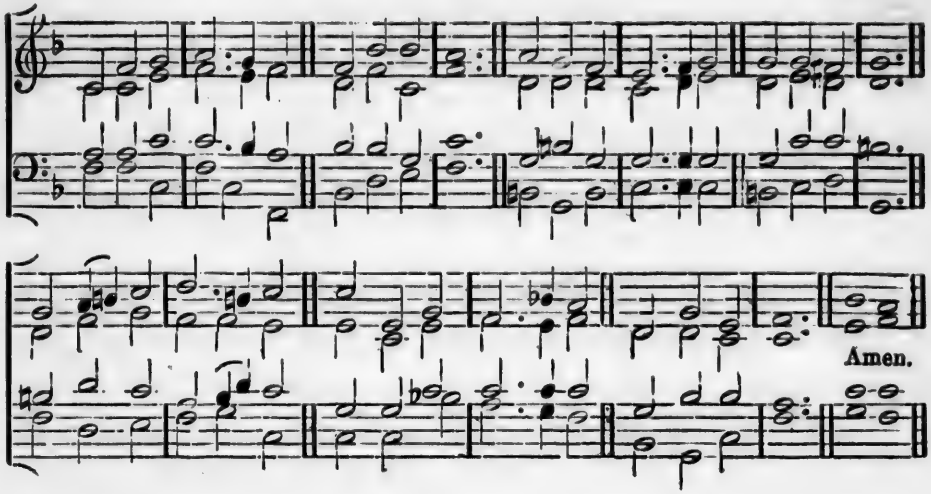
HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thoughts;
But when I see thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.



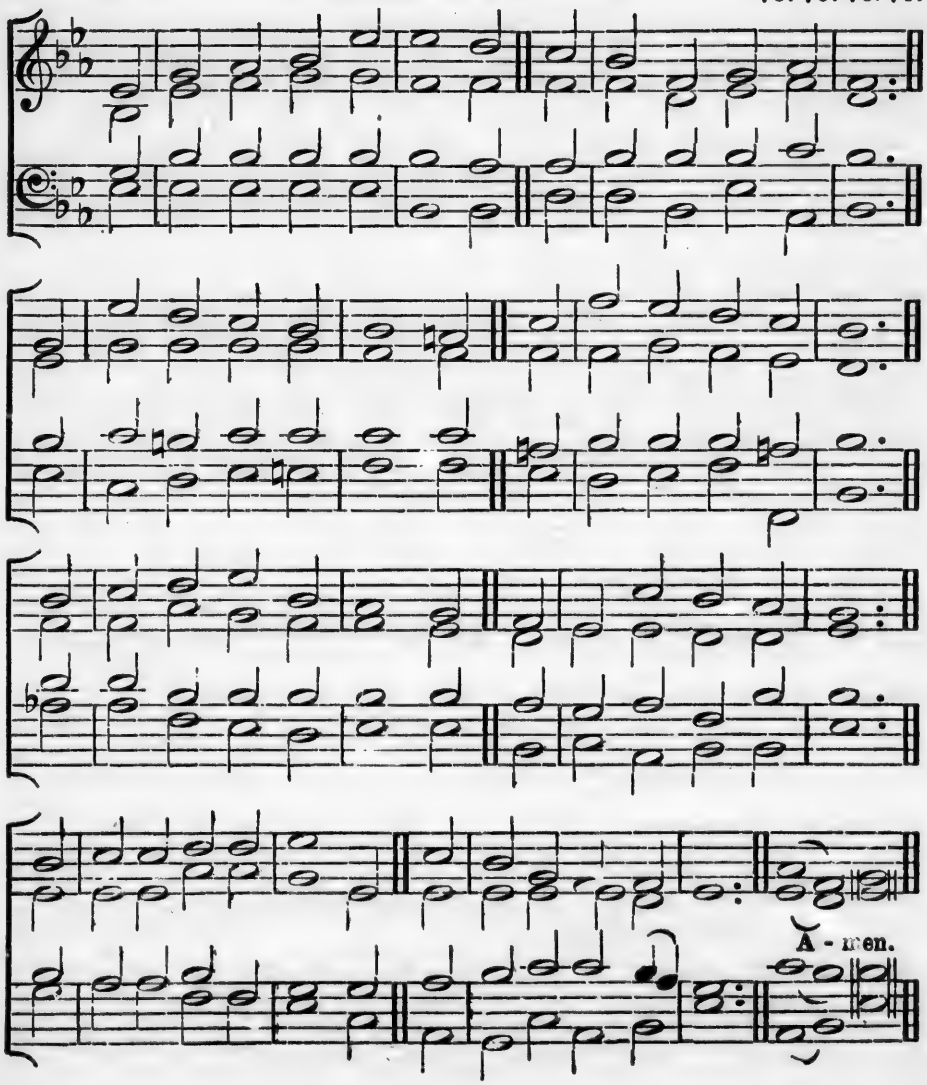
NEARER my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

CANADA.
76. 76. 76. 76.



OH, day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright.
On Thee, the high and lowly,
Before th' eternal throne
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To Thee, great Three in One.

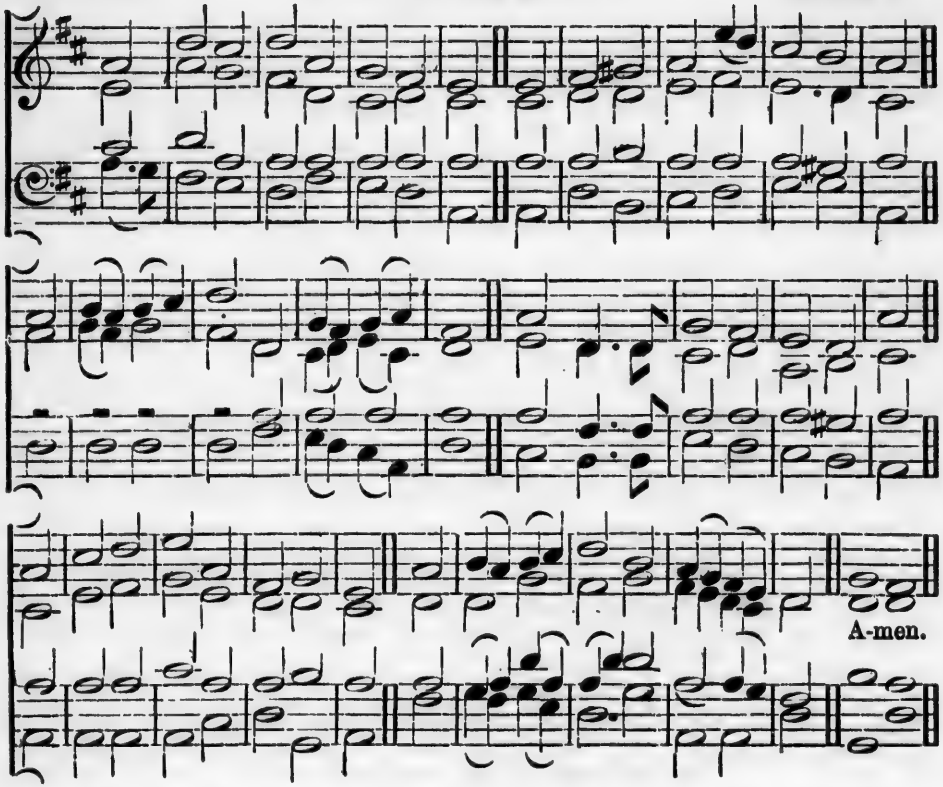
On Thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On Thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On Thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven;
And thus on Thee most glorious
A Triple light was given.

Thou art a cooling Fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.
A day of sweet refrection,
A day of holy love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls.
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son,
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

888.888.D.

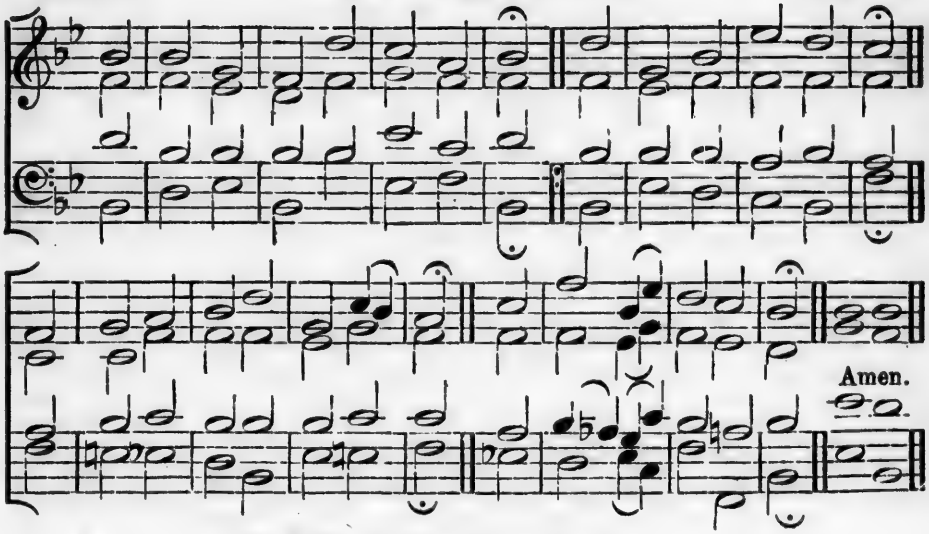


YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of His Name record,
His sacred Name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great Name address.

God through the world extends His sway,
The regions of eternal day,
But shadows of His glory are
With Him whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heaven in which He [dwells,
Let no created power compare.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, [host,
The God whom Heaven's triumphant
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself must be no more.

WELSFORD.
C.M.



O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!

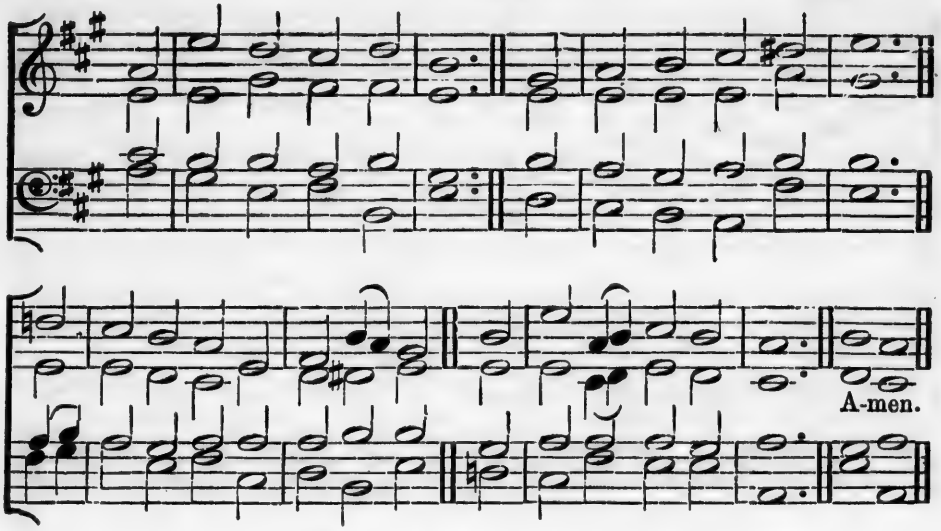
Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our eternal Home!

PACKINGTON.
S.M.



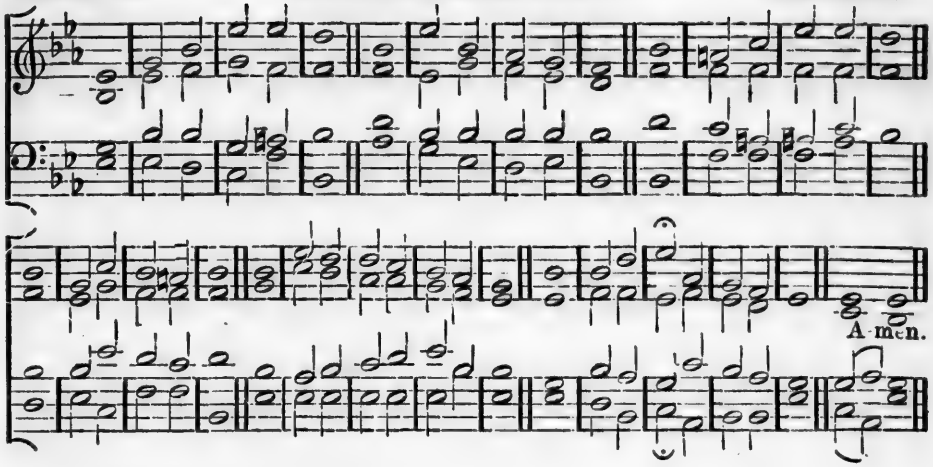
THE Lord, the Sovereign King,
Hath fixed His throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world He rules,
And all beneath the sky.

Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do His will,
Bless ye the Lord, Whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil!

Let the bright hosts that wait
The orders of their King,
And guard His people when they pray,
Join in the praise we sing!

Whilst all His wondrous works
Through His vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing His praises too!

66.66.44.44.



JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

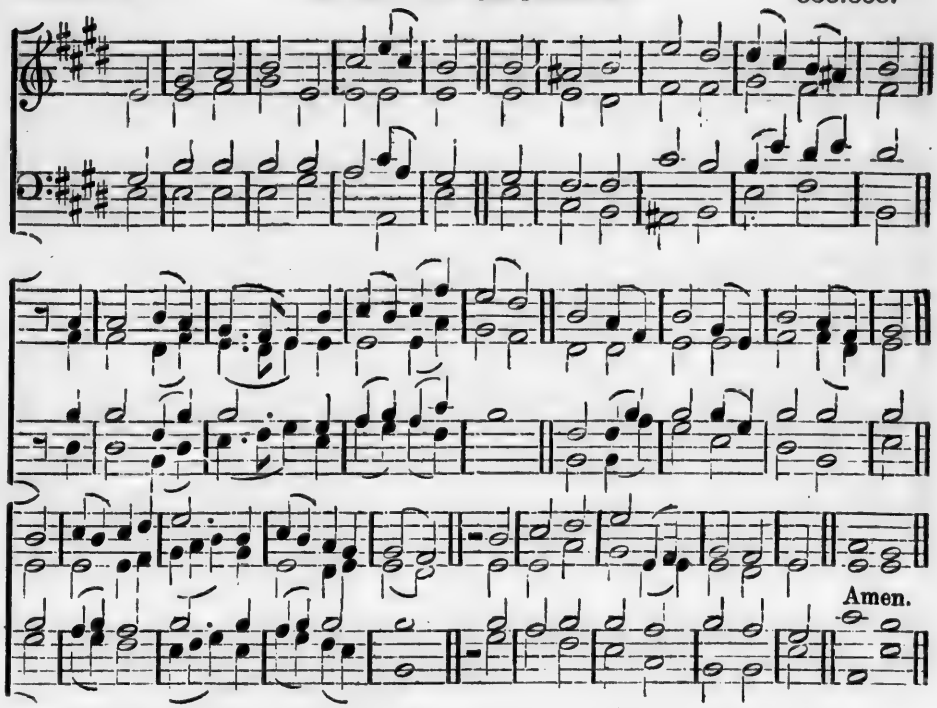
The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace!
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear,
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The bleeding martyrs, they
Within these courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with The
To see Thy face?

Ah me! Ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like that on high:
Lord, thither guide my way.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

FAIRFIELD.
888.888.



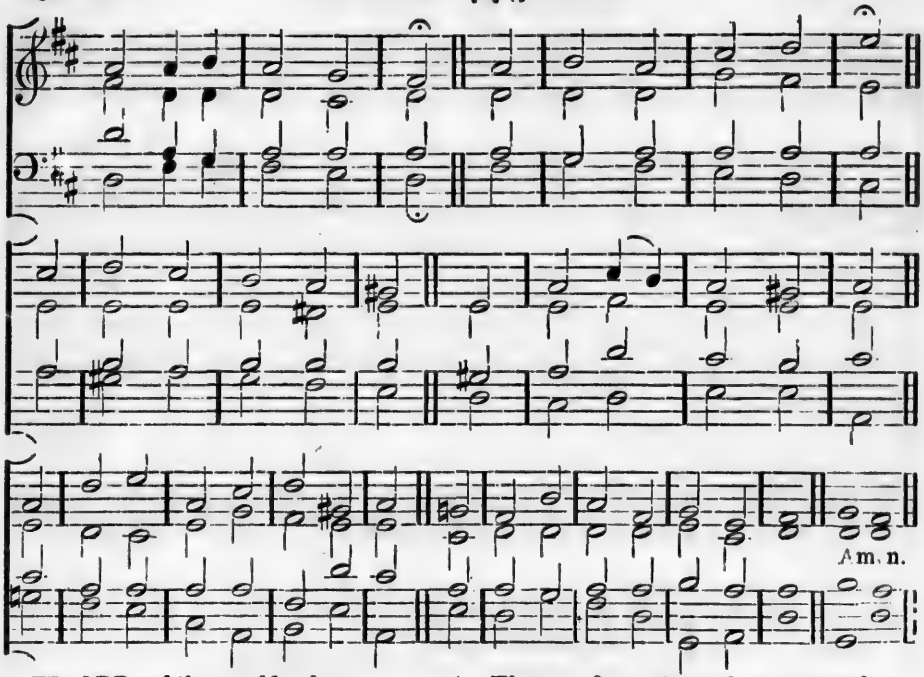
FROM highest heaven th' Eternal Son
With God the Father ever One,
Came down to suffer and to die;
For love of sinful man He bore
Our human griefs and troubles sore,
Our load of guilt and misery.

Sing out, ye saints of God, and praise
The Lamb who died His flock to raise
From sin and everlasting woe:
With angels round the throne above,
O tell the wonders of His love,
The joys that from His mercy flow.

In darkest shades of night we lay,
Without a beam to guide our way,
Or hope of aught beyond the grave;
But He hath brought us life and light,
And opened heaven to our sight,
And lives for ever, strong to save.

Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice,
Sing out and praise with cheerful voice
The Lamb whom heaven and earth adore;
To Him who gave His only Son,
To God the Spirit, with them One,
Be praise and glory evermore.

QUEENSBURY.
H.M.

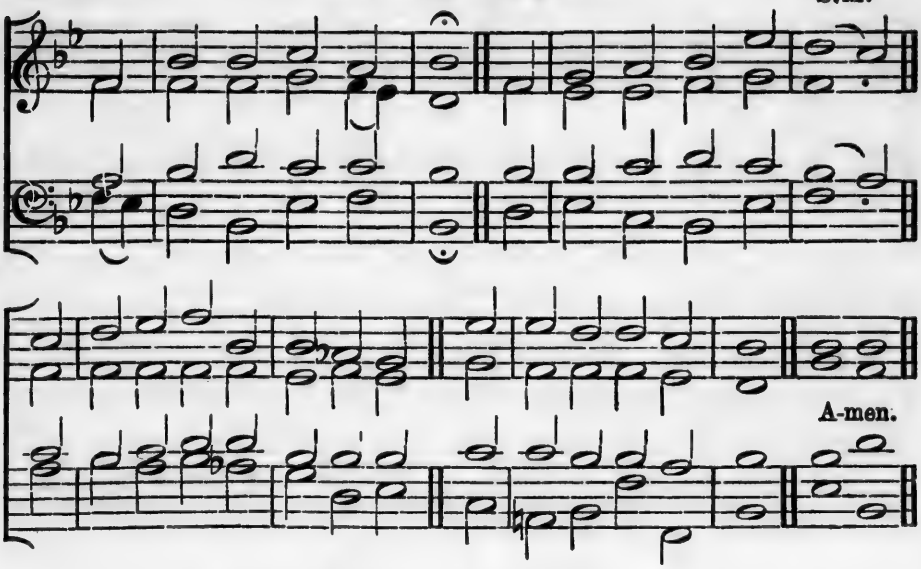


LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
Our hearts aspire,
With warm desire,
To meet our God.

Oh, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still,
Thrice happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in Heaven appears.
Oh, glorious seat
Of God our King;
Lord, thither bring
Our willing feet!

God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow
Upon our race
His saving grace,
And glory too.



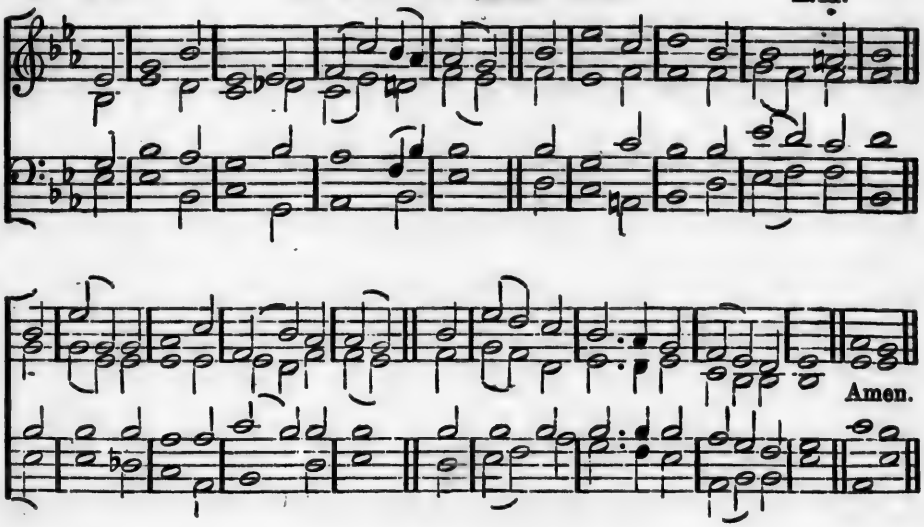
PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

Commit Thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands;
And rest on His unchanging Word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years and years roll on,
His covenant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
His promised grace is sure.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His power will clear thy way:
Wait thou His time—the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

DORCHESTER.
L.M.



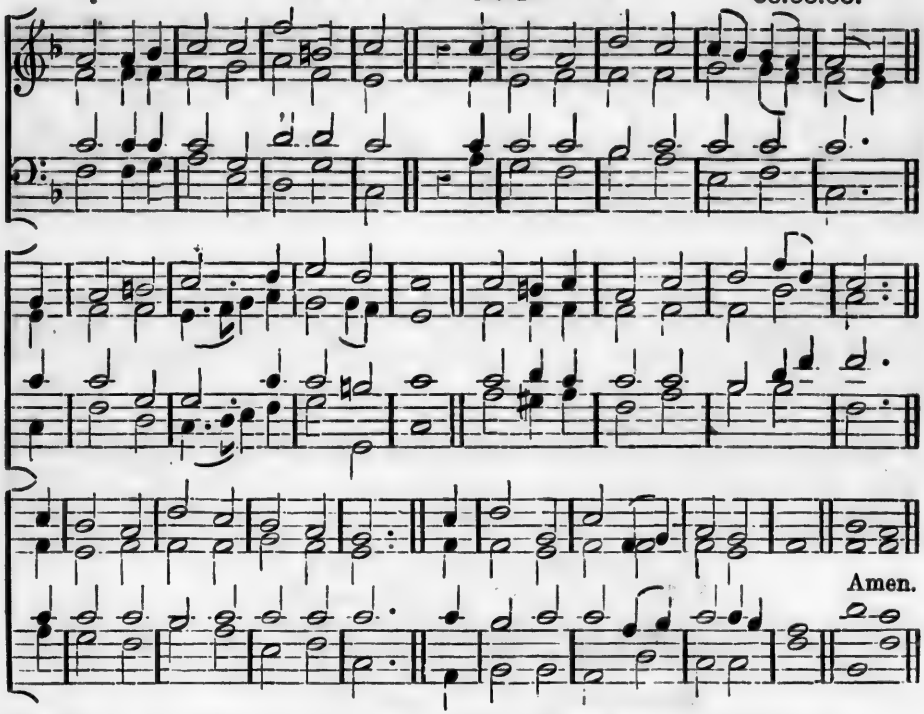
O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace;
We pray Thee lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!

Source of all good, Thou gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward;
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Thy never-failing grace to prove
A surety of Thy endless love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be
The raiser of our souls to Thee.

NEWFOUNDLAND.
88.88.88.

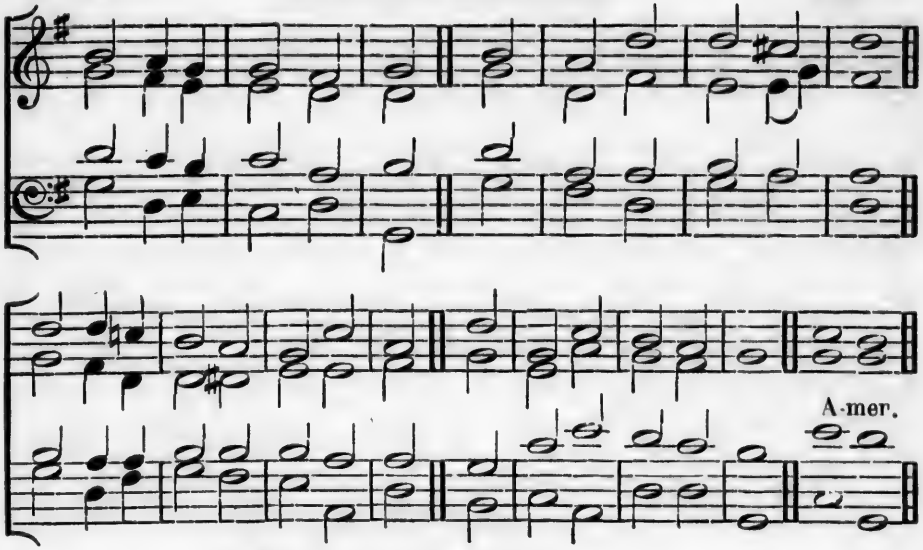


JESU, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

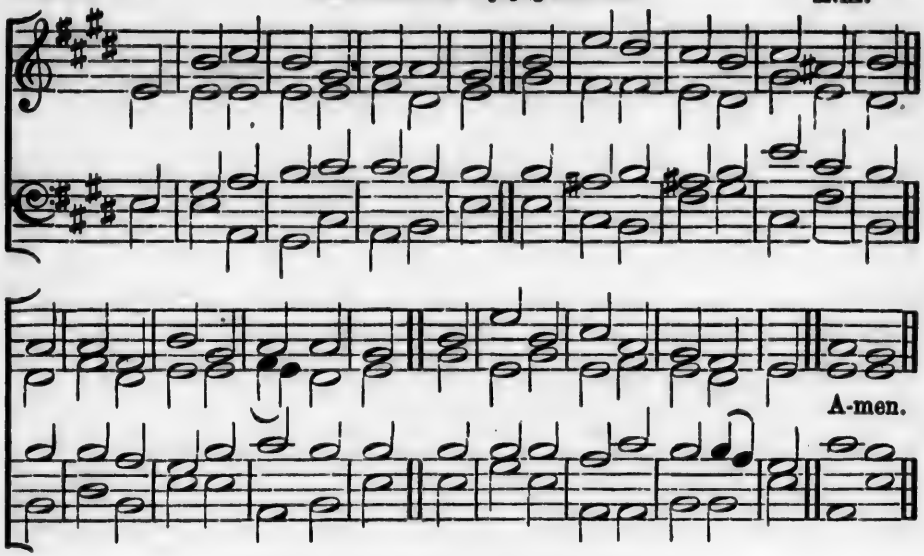


MY soul repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate!

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

Our days are as the grass,
Or as the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.



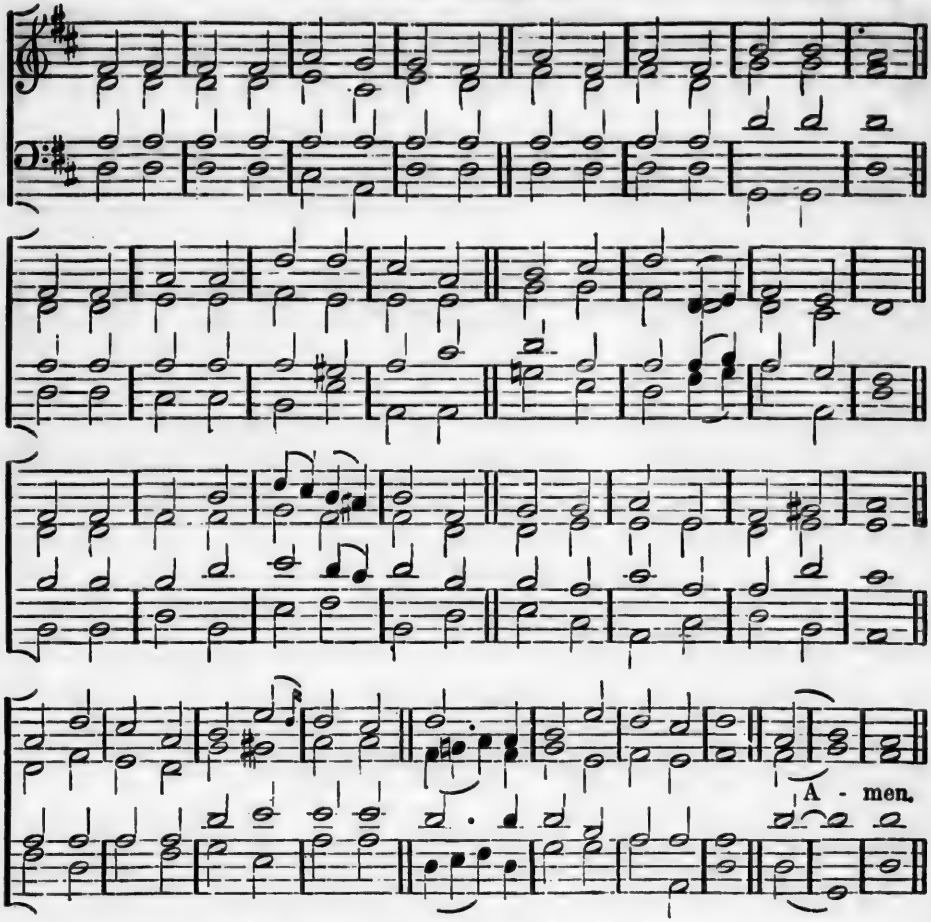
SINCE every trial marks the road
Which leads to happiness and God;
Shall I then murmur or complain
Of sorrow's load of grief or pain?

No! let me rather humbly bow
To Him from whom my sorrows flow;
Yielding myself to His command,
And meekly kiss His smiting hand.

Chastise my soul, but not destroy,
And be my sorrows mixed with joy!
Joy such as earth can ne'er bestow,
Joy which Thy children only know.

Make Thou my longing soul Thine own,
Thine would I be, and Thine alone;
Pour Thine own Spirit on my breast,
And soothe each anxious thought to rest!

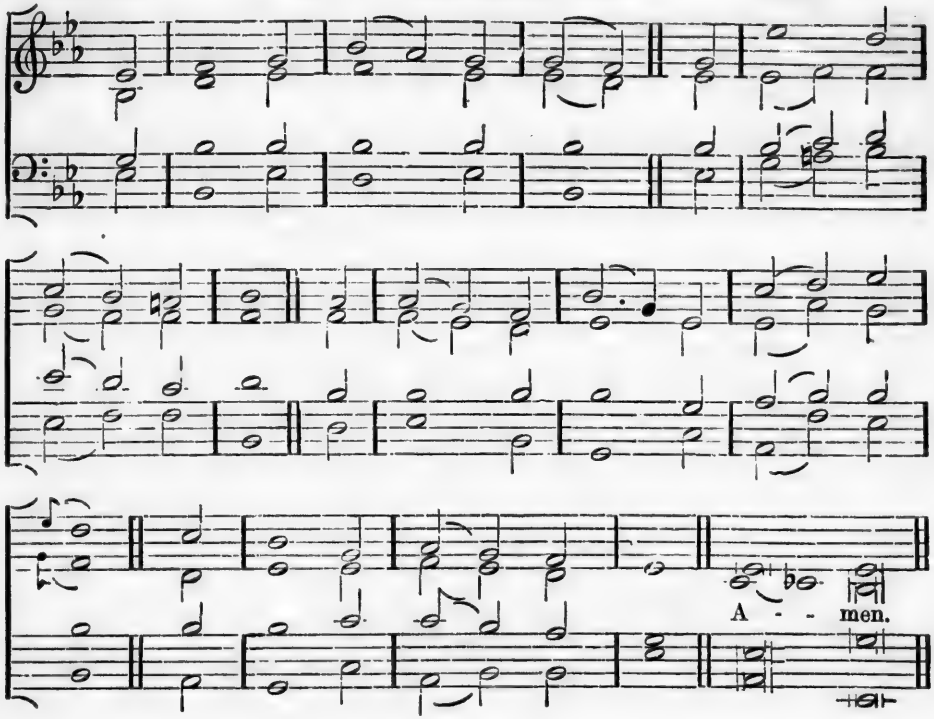
SUMMERSIDE.
D. 8's & 7's.



GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud of fire appear;
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

Hymn 62. **General Hymns.** FORRESTER HILL. S.M.

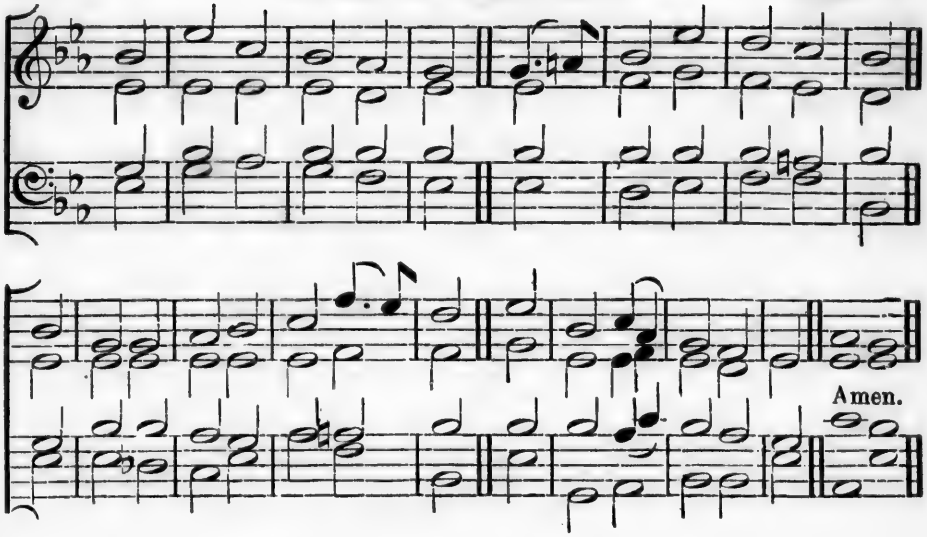


FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, Sweet Spirit come,
And speed me to my rest.

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns
When I remember Thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode.

God of my life be near,
On thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

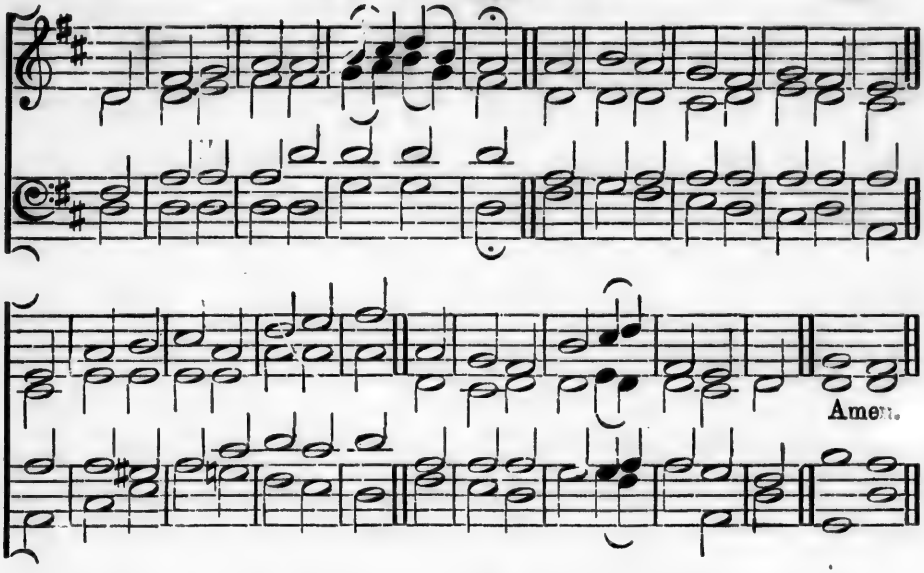


HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who speak salvation to the world,
And words of peace reveal.

How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found.

How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

O Lord, make bare Thine arm,
Send forth Thy truth abroad;
And let the nations all behold
Their Saviour and their God!



O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee!
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

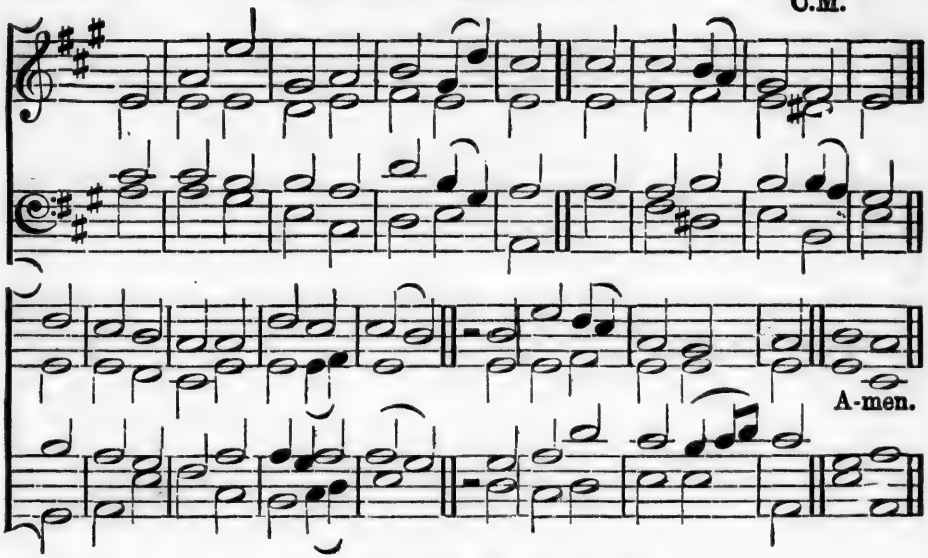
How sweet within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace!
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

Oh may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
Oh may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy!

The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee;
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky!

WINSLEYDALE.
C.M.



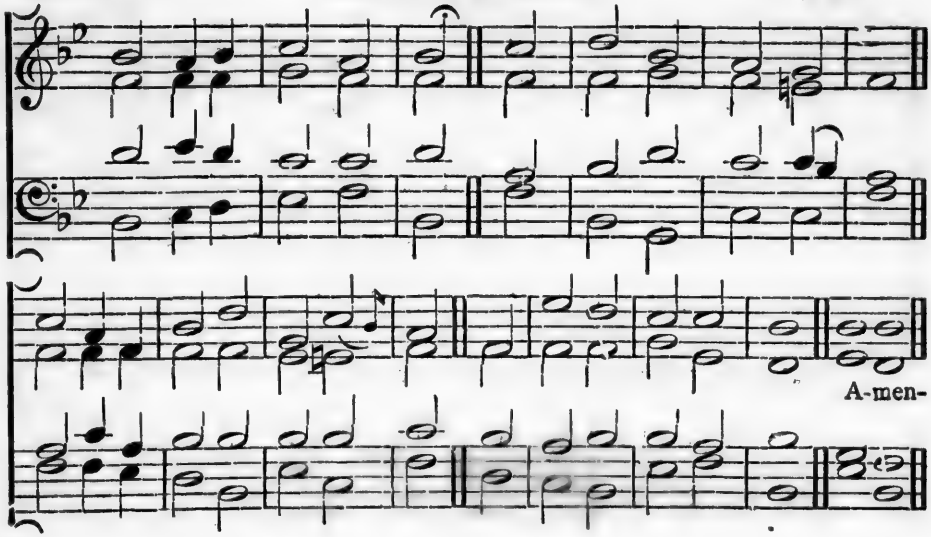
HOW bless'd are they whose hearts
are pure,
From guile their spirits free;
To them shall God reveal Himself,
They shall His glory see.

Their simple souls, upon His word,
In fullest light of love,
Place all their trust, and ask no more
Than guidance from above.

They who in faith unmixed with doubt,
Th' engrafted Word receive;
Whom the first sign of heavenly power
Persuades, and they believe.

For them far greater things than these
Doth Christ the Lord prepare;
Whose bliss no heart of man can reach,
No human voice declare.

Hymn 66. **Confirmation.** KINGS' CLEAR. S.M.



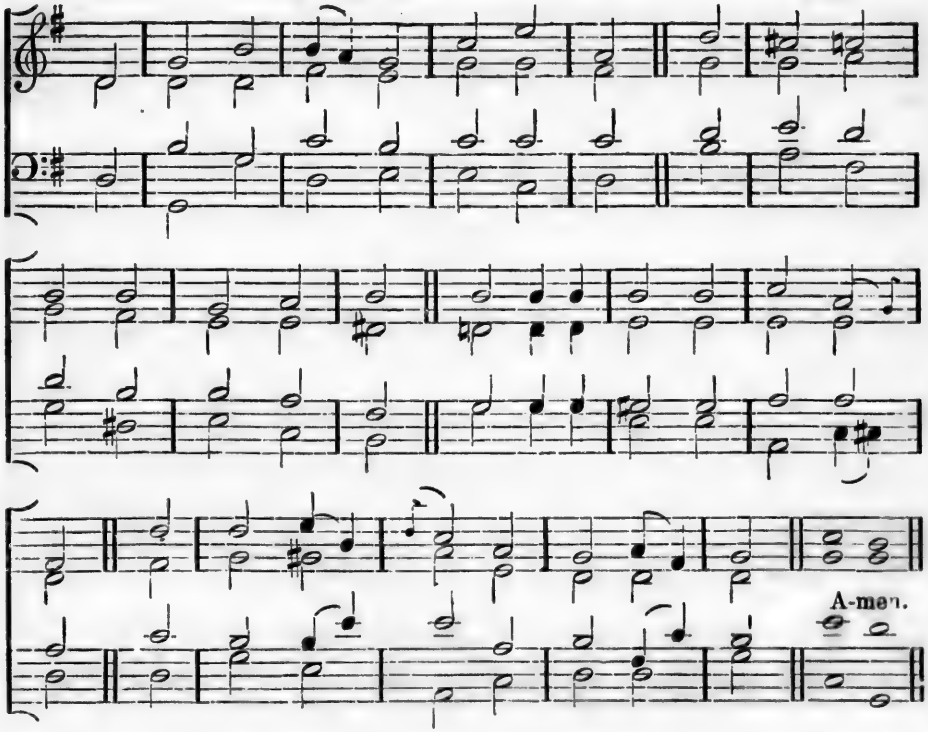
SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued!
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

Hymn 67. **Holy Communion.** REDEMPTION. L.M.



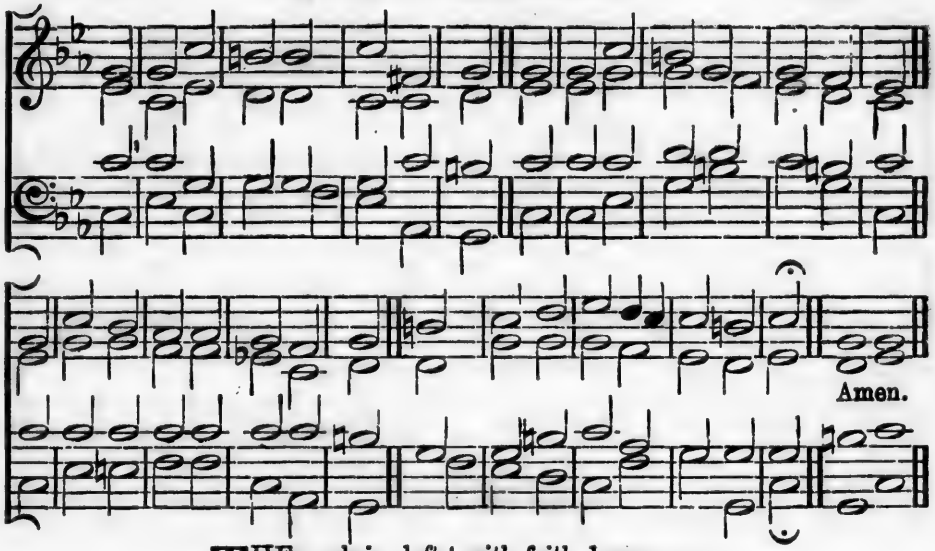
MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Oh, let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive Thy dying Churches, Lord,
Bid all our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

Hymn 68. **Holy Communion.** EUCHARIST. C.M.



THE rock is cleft! with faith draw near;
The rock is cleft! ye sinners hear!
A fountain issues from the wound,
And mercy's streams are gushing round.

Draw near with faith, why linger thus?
The table's spread, and spread for us;
For sinners spread with guilt oppressed,
For sinners spread who seek for rest.

For pilgrims in a thirsty land,
The waters flow at Christ's command;
Who hungers for the bread from Heaven,
To you the sacred banquet's given.

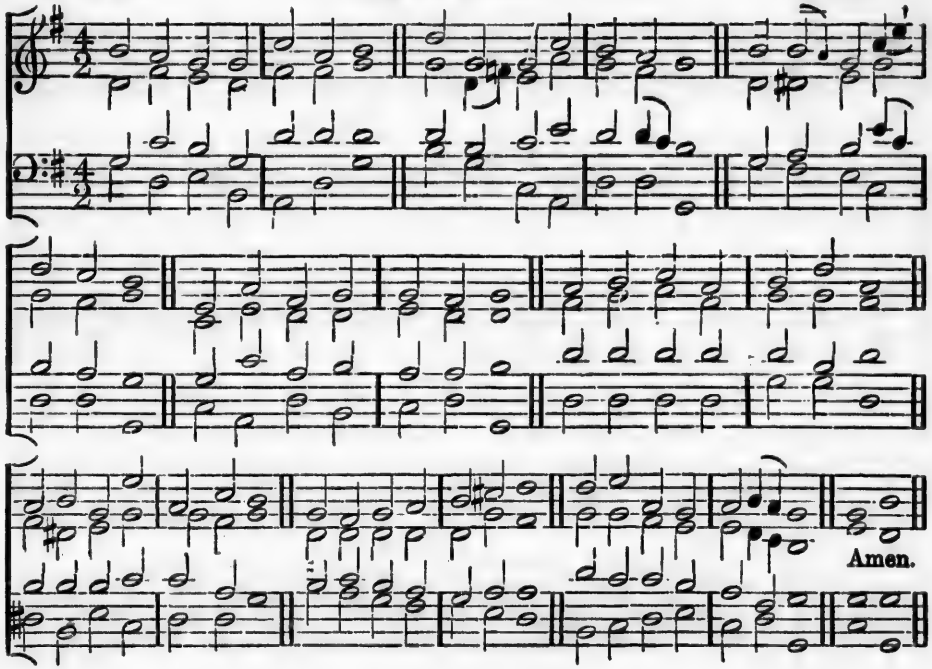
Are any poor?—the price is paid:
Are any weak? oh, why afraid?
Unworthy any? E'en for you
There's hope, and love, and pardon too.

All things are ready; Lord, we come,
And round Thy table seek our home;
Thy word our hope, Thy grace our food,
Our life and seal, Thy living blood.

Hymn 69.

Harvest.

GLEANVILLE.
D. 7's.



COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied,
Come to God's own Temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

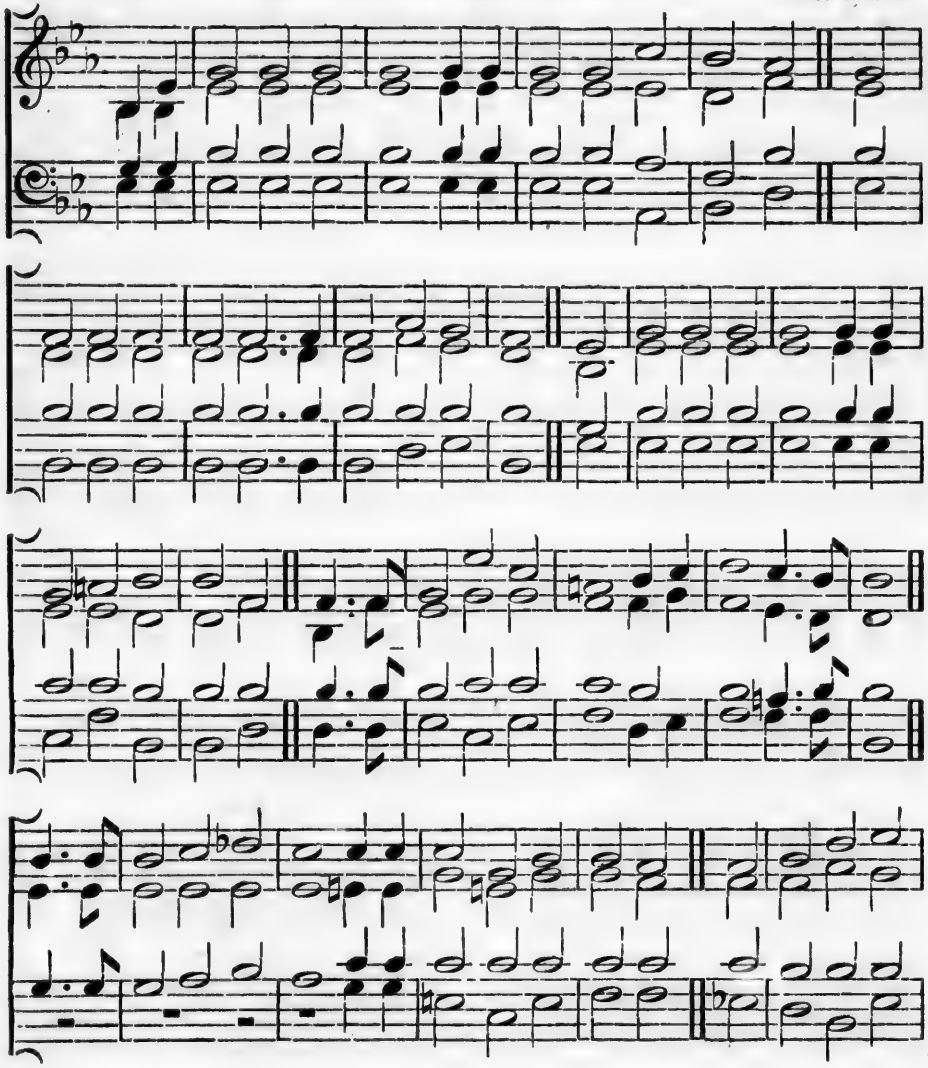
What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power,
Till the final harvest hour.
Grant, O Lord of life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be!

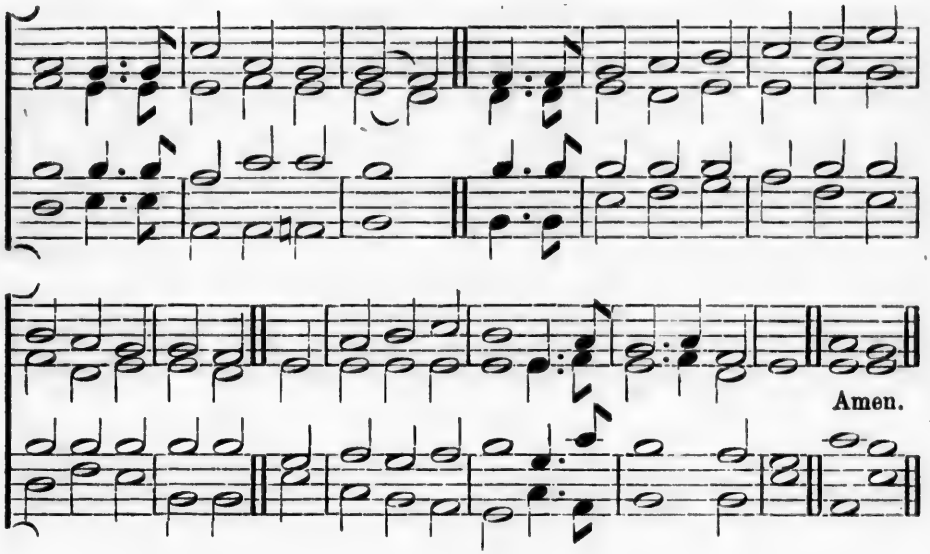
Come, then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest Home!
Let Thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee for evermore:
Come, with thousand angels, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest Home!

Hymn 70.

Burial of the Dead.

HEBER.
12s. & 11s.





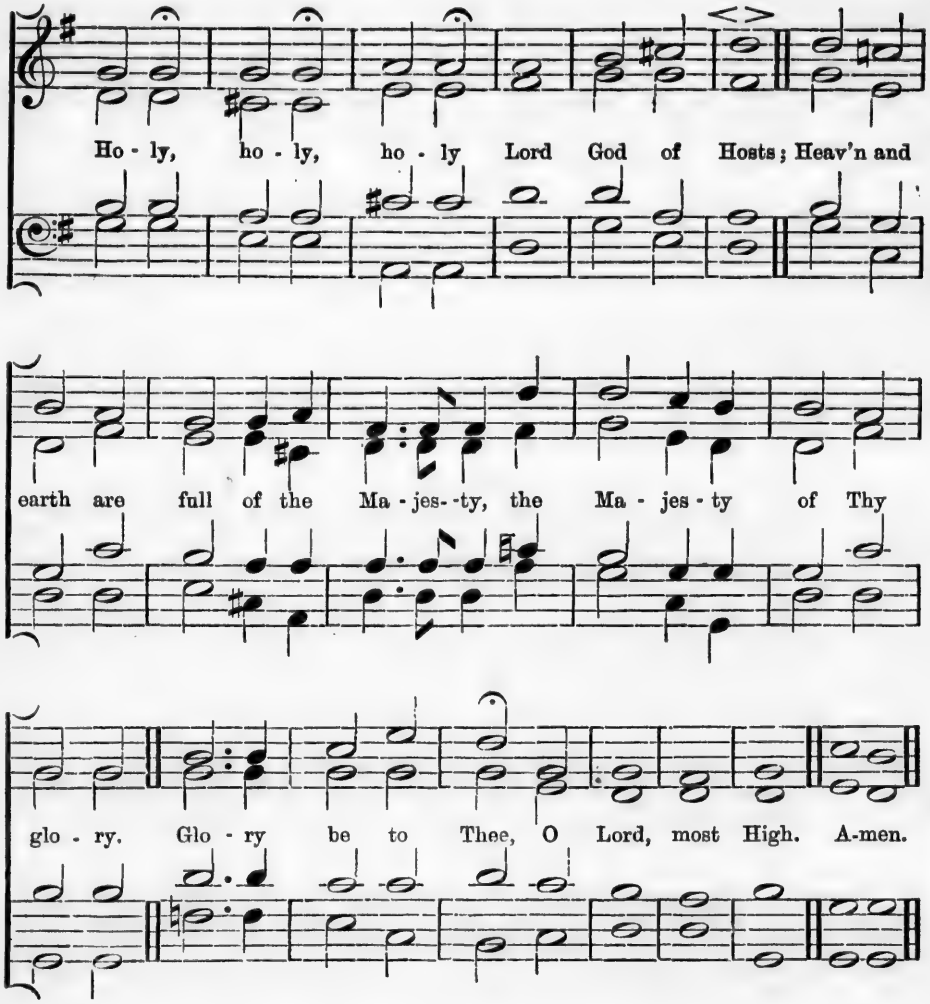
THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath passed through its portals before Thee,
And the lamp of His love was Thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Saviour hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

Sanctus.


Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts; Heav'n and
earth are full of the Ma - jes- -ty, the Ma - jes - ty of Thy
glo - ry. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord, most High. A-men.

Double Chants.

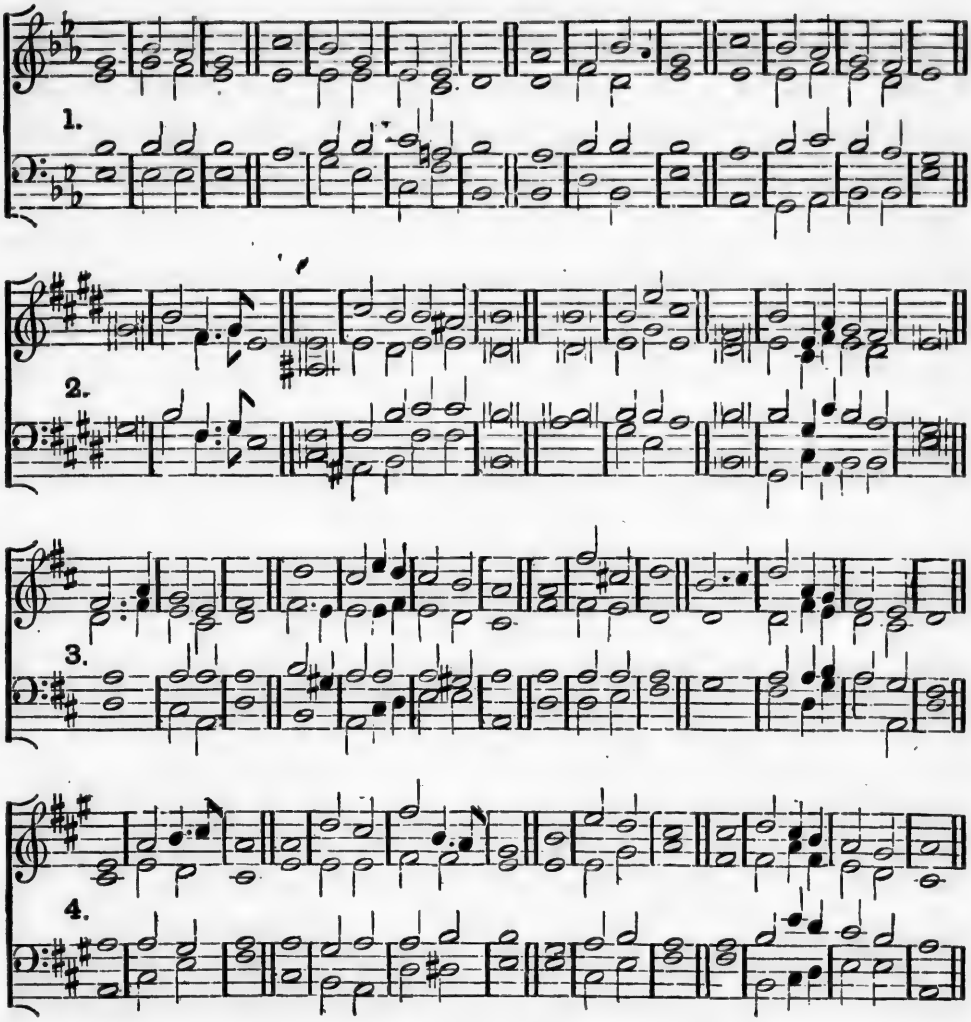
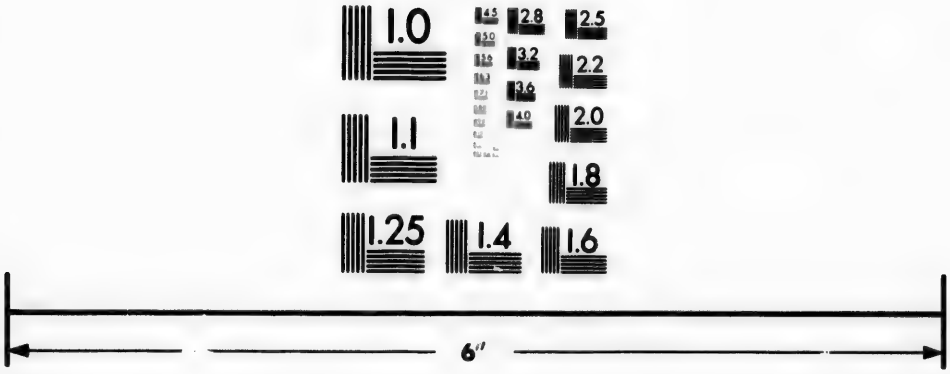


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



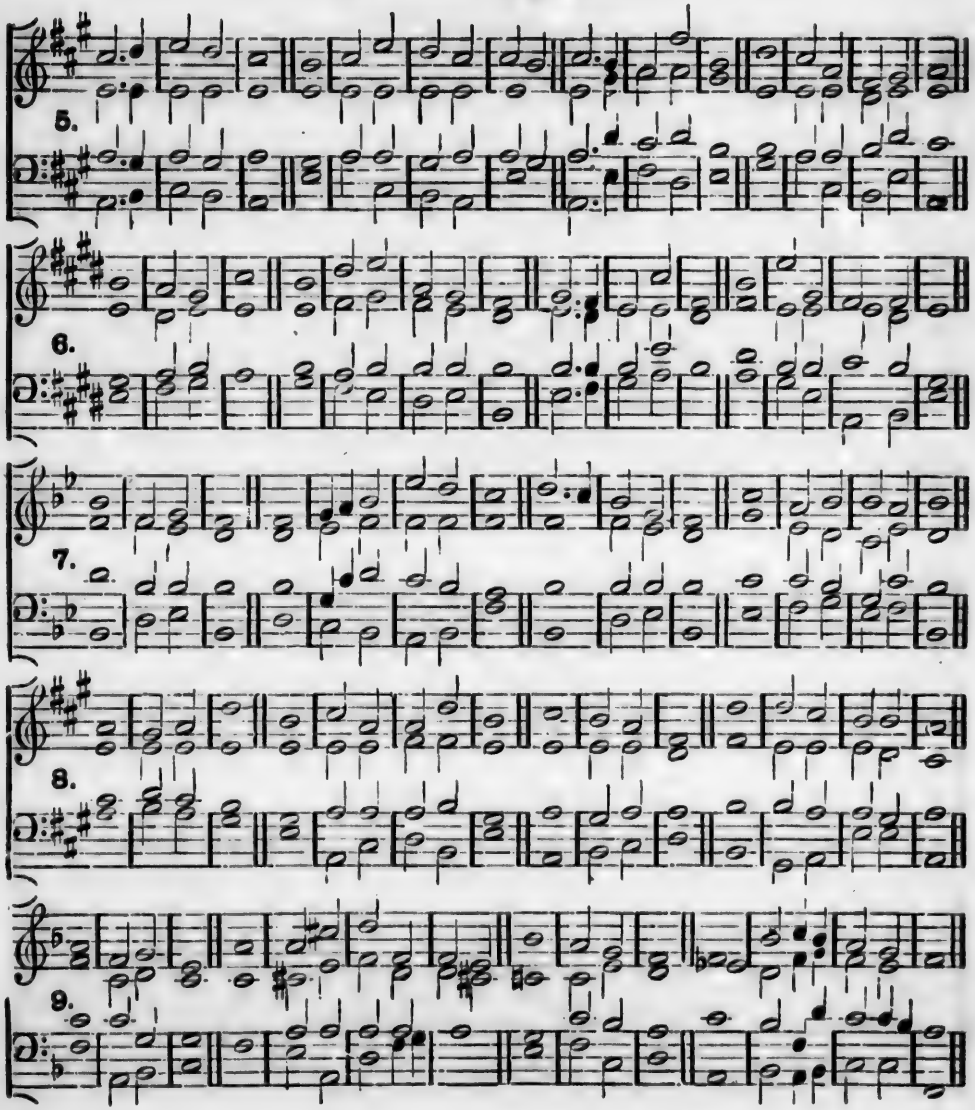
Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

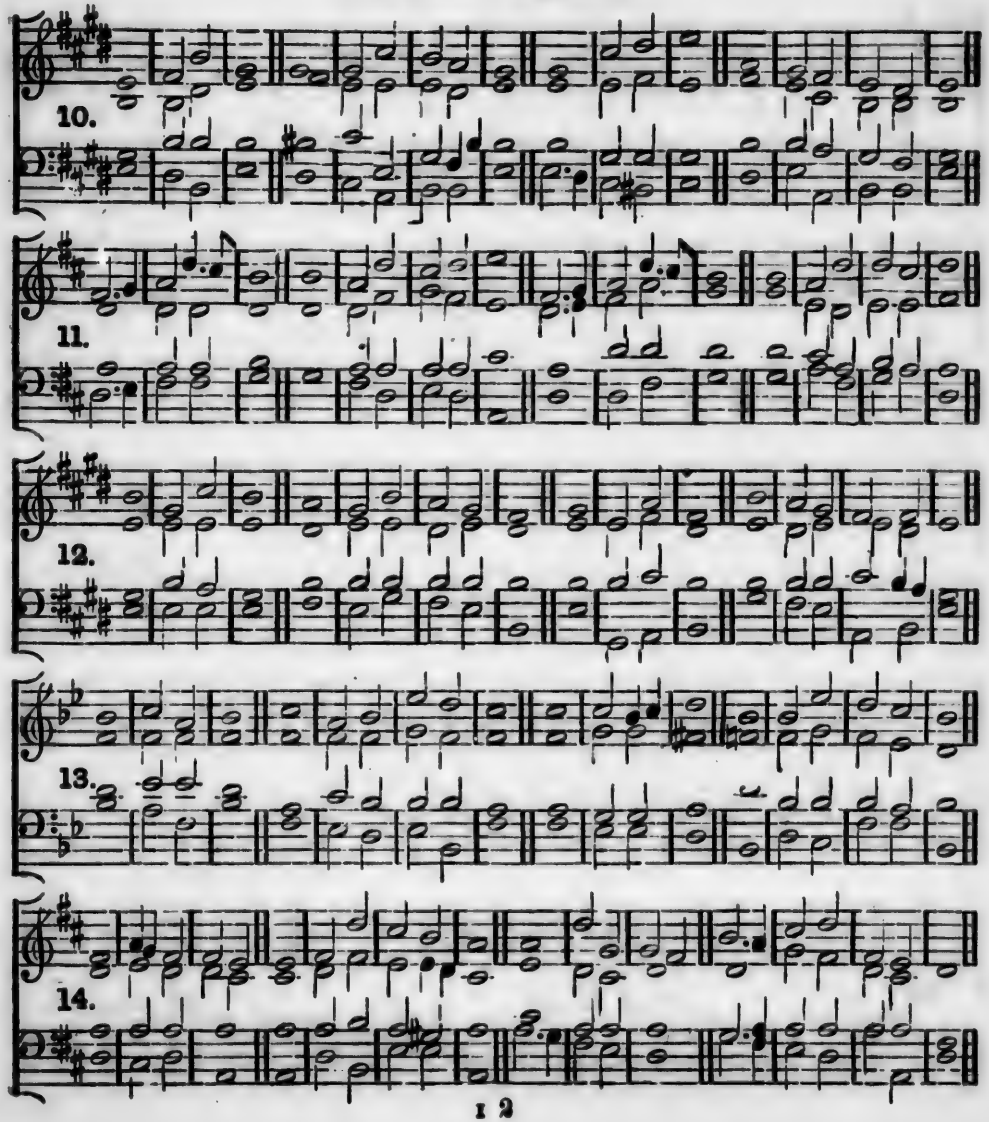
2.8
2.5
3.2
3.6
2.2
2.0
1.8

1.0

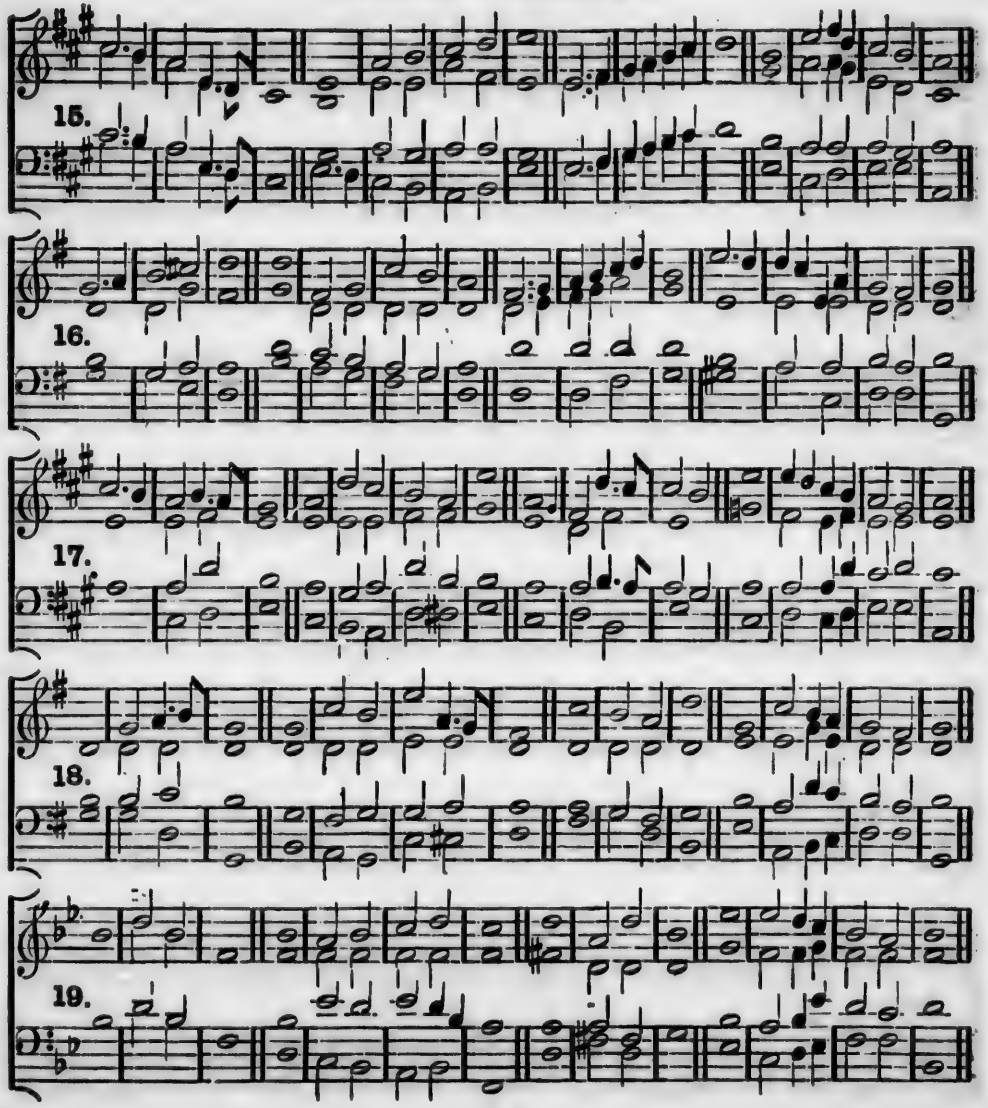
Double Chants.



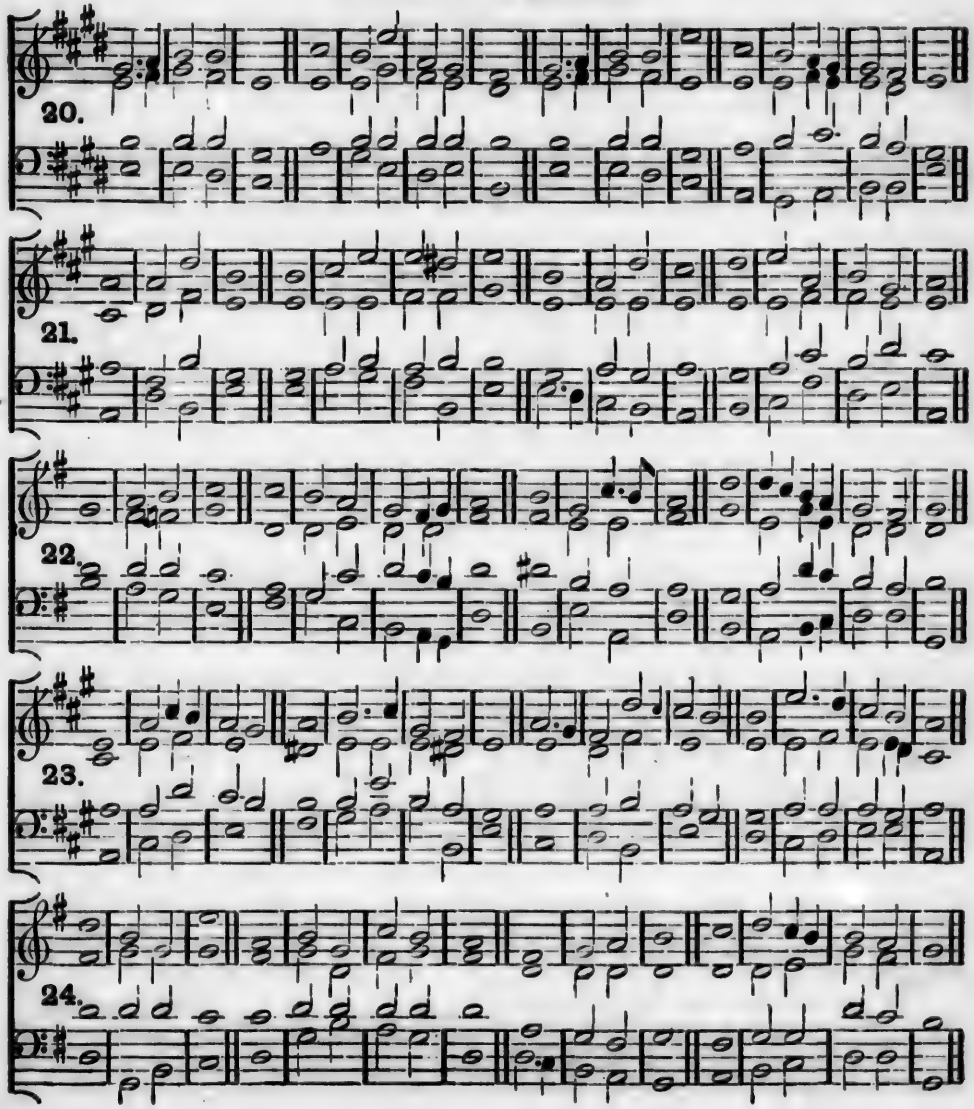
Double Chants.



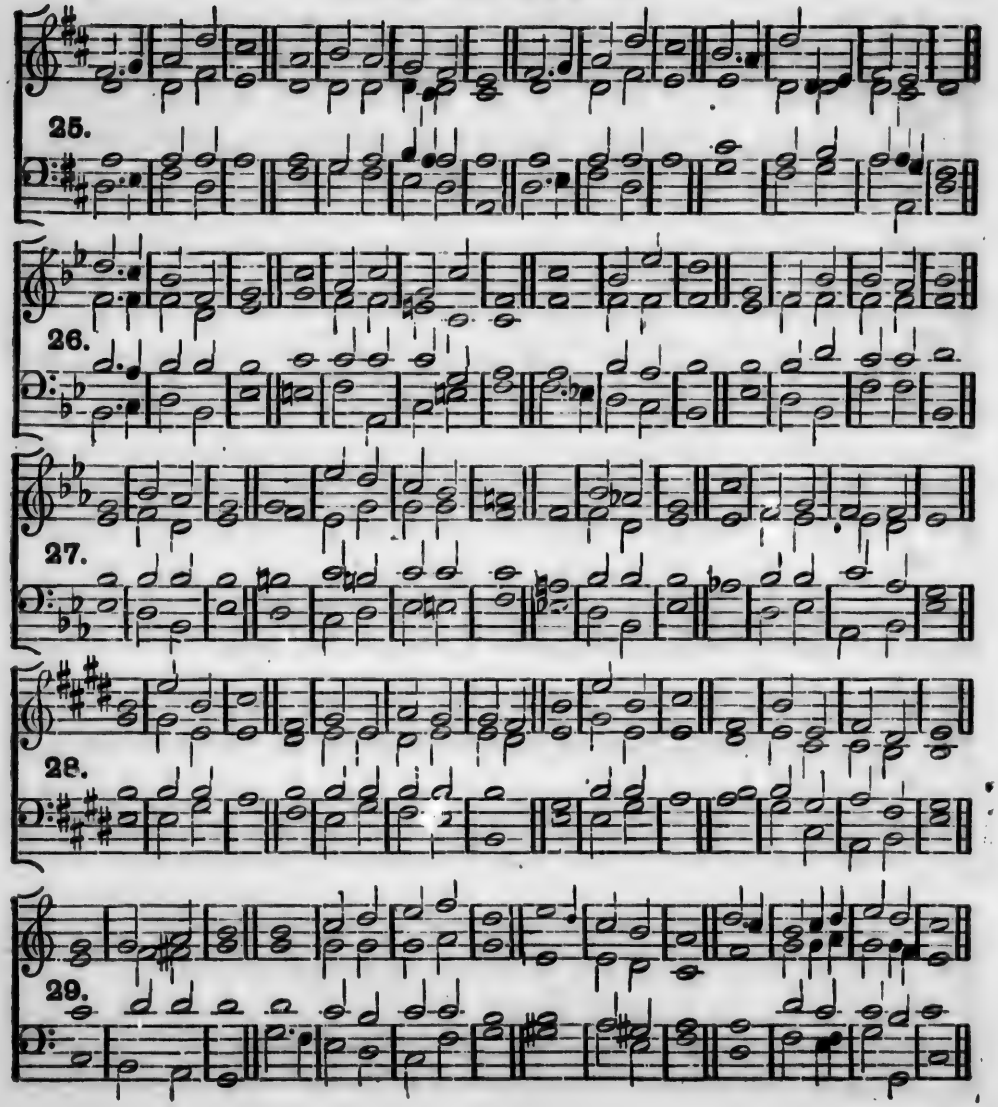
Double Chants.



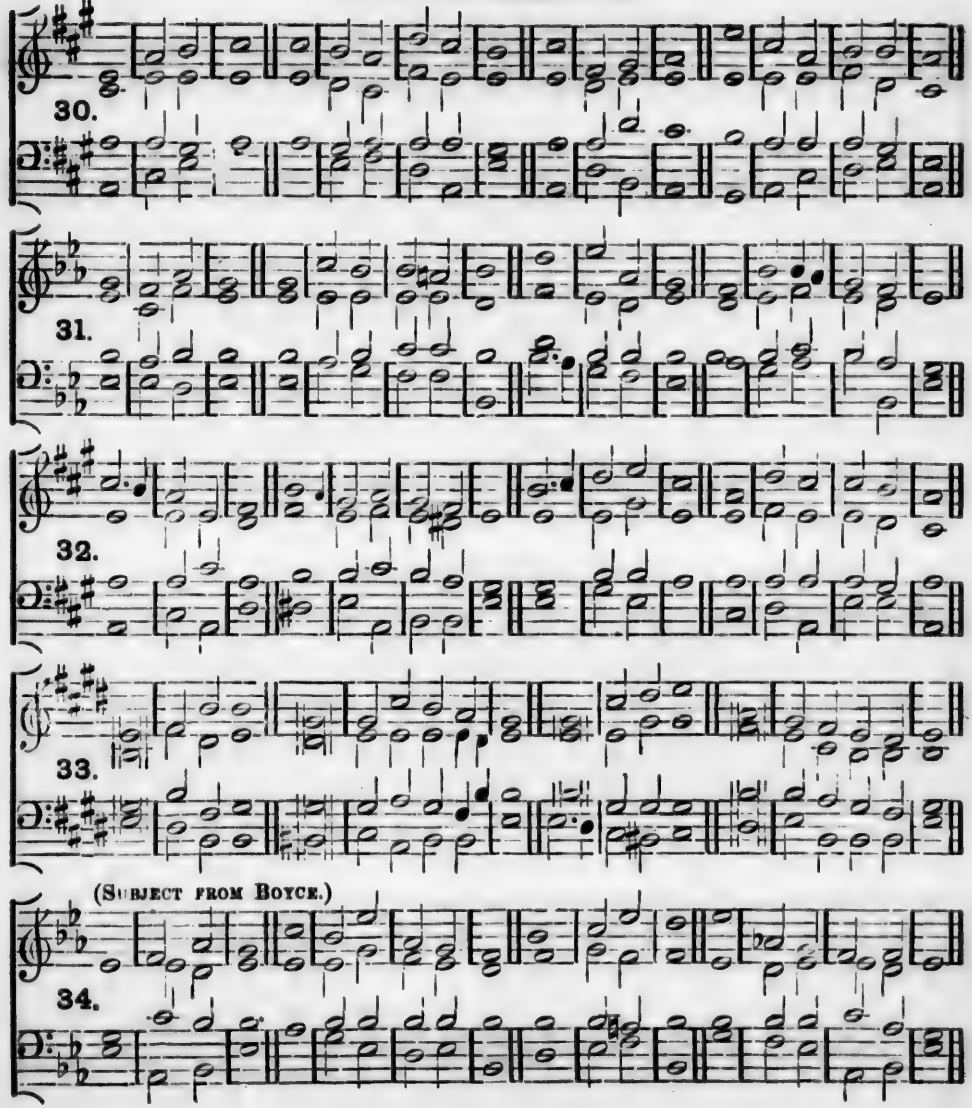
Double Chants.



Double Chants.



Double Chants.



Double Chants.

TE DEUM.

35.

Lord God of Sa - ba - oth. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly.

TE DEUM.

36.

Lord God of Sa - ba - oth. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly.

Double Chants.

TE DEUM.

37.

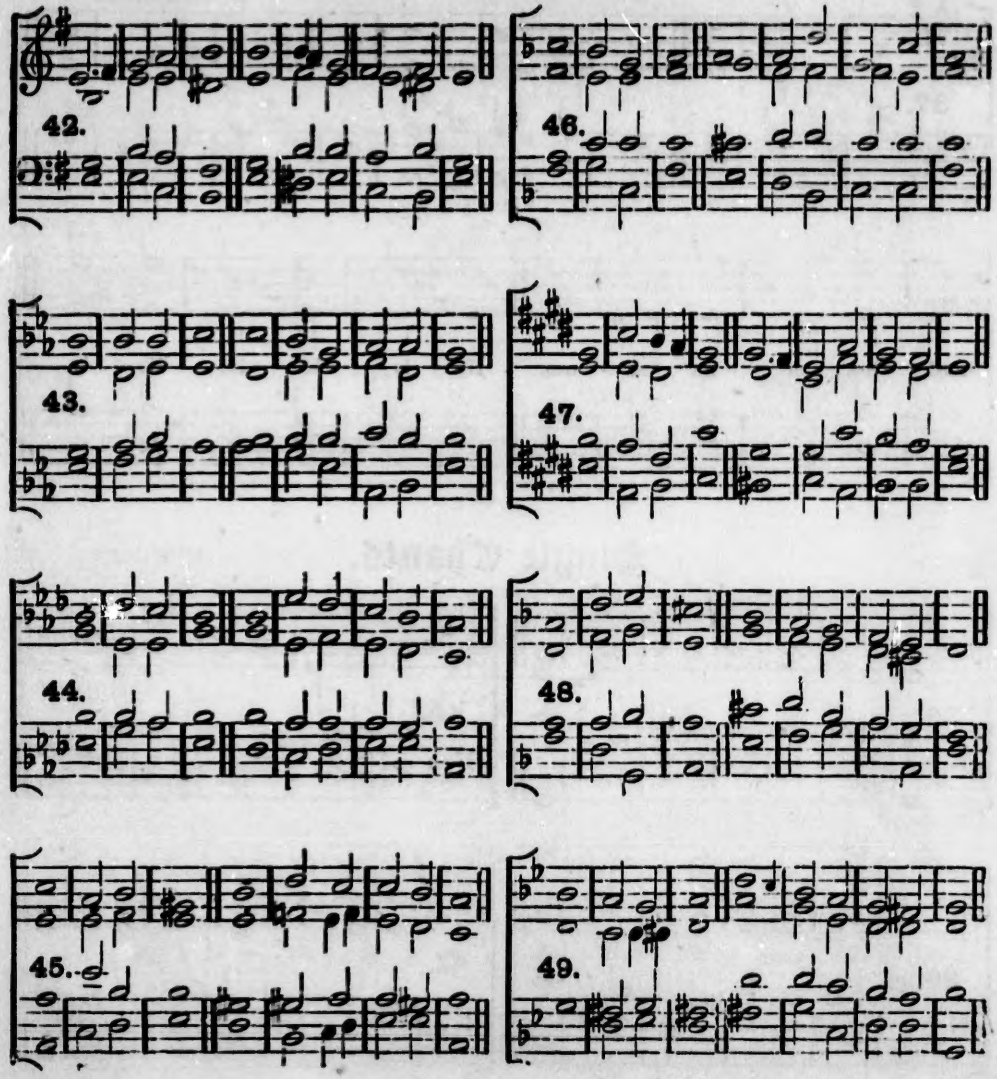
Lord God of Sa - ba - oth. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly.

Single Chants.

38.

39.

40.

41.

Single Chants.